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Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VII. BISMARCK, D. T., SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879. NO. 5

NEWS AND NOTES.

Who maketh several ballots grow
Where none hath ever grown before,
Is a philanthropist, you know;
What will they persecute him for?
If rapid voters in their zeal
Above the ballot-box cavort,
Why crush them 'neath the tyrant's heel—
The heel of Johnny Davenport?

Kingsbury County, Dakota, is about being organized.

An Illinois editorial party has been visiting Southern Dakota.

Weber, the piano man, is dead, leaving an estate of $150,000

James C. Flood, the bonanza king, has $10,000,000 invested in U. S bonds.

The Republican managers believe Foster will carry Ohio by 30,000 majority.

Rye six feet in height is reported from Fort Meade by the Deadwood Times.

Sol Star, Deadwood's new postmaster, takes possession of the office July 1st.

An Egyptian obelisk will soon be brought to New York and placed in the park.

The committee reported adversely on Corbin's nomination for chief justice of Utah.

The death of Minister Langston is reported but the report is discredited by his family.

The President has signed the legislative and executive and army appropriation bills.

A Minneapolis sheriff charged $18,000 for selling a railroad. The judge allowed him $3 00.

Ramaley & Cunningham have launched a new evening daily in St. Paul—The *Evening News*.

The Hull murder mystery is solved. A negro servant confesses that he committed the crime.

Low neck dresses are now called postal card costumes because there is no envelope to them.

Weston walked 550 miles in six days, making one hundred miles a day for the first three days.

The Fairview, a Black Hills mine, owned by J. B Crooker and others, has been sold for $250,000

Joseph Muich, of Hennepin County, Minn., suicided last week on the premises of Mr. D. Colton

The Deadwood *Times* says large quantities of coal is now being taken from the Black Hills mines

Mrs McFarland was thrown from her carriage in Philadelphia, on the 25th inst., and instantly killed.

Deadwood is to have two more new newspapers That city now has three daily papers and three weeklies

Senator Bruce thinks about ten thousand colored people left Mississippi during the recent exodus excitement.

The President has pardoned half a dozen whiskey ring fellows who were gathered in by the Bristow raid

Lamar's duel talk is called plantation bunkomb Conkling is said to have been as cool as a Northern cucumber

Homestake (Black Hills) shares are now quoted at $40 in the San Francisco market. A year ago they were $5 only.

"Yes, Agnes, I am going to have a cream colored summer silk, provided pa doesn't veto the appropriation pa has passed."

The army bill offers a premium of $750 cash to West Point graduates who choose civil life rather than a commission in the army.

Zach Chandler has placed $20,000 to the credit of the Hale family since Mrs Hale has placed a granddaughter to Zach's credit.

An insane father called his three little children from prison near Holyoke, Mass, last week, and murdered them to save them from sin.

New York *Sun*: "The net result of the extra session is that the Democrats are covered with disgrace while glory is shed upon Hayes."

Thousands of cattle are dying on the plains of Texas which this year are destitute of grass as well as water, owing to the prolonged drouth.

Gen Sully's half breed daughter, now living with the Yanktons, near Fort Sully, is his only heir to an estate worth several hundred thousand dollars

Hill, who killed the seducer of his wife in Georgia, was sent to the penitentiary for life. An old law for the first time is being enforced in such cases

It is now claimed that Gen. Sully left a wife and two children and property amounting to about $750 instead of half a million for a half-breed beauty.

The President believes there is nothing in the 6th section of the army bill to prevent the use of troops if they are needed to preserve the purity of the ballot box

Some years ago Luke Poland was asked what he thought of Louisiana politicians. He replied, "I think the other side are all d——d rascals and I know our side are."

A dangerous counterfeit five dollar greenback has made its appearance It is of the series of 1875 and bears the names of Allison as registrar and Wyman as treasurer.

Miss Nellie Webster, one of the brightest and prettiest girls in the Black Hills, daughter of the editor of the *Enterprise*, was married to H. H. Folk of Deadwood, last week.

There is now only one freight outfit on the Cheyenne and Black Hills route, all others having gone to the more popular and profitable routes—Bismarck, Fort Pierre and Sidney.

Ben Butler announces that he expects to be candidate of at least two parties for governor of Massachusetts this fall—and it don't make any differance to Ben which parties nominate him.

Yankton is indicting in the social evil in every form, including those who own buildings used for the evil practice. The dance houses in the Black Hills are being closed by the same means.

The Republicans generally heartily sustain the President in his course on the appropriation bills, but the Democrats are mad, and it is to their credit that it can be said that they are not amused.

UP-RIVER INDIAN USURPS.

PEACEFUL AT PRESENT, BUT UNEASY FOR THE FUTURE.

Thompson's Recent Visit to Poplar River---Bird's Fear of an Outbreak Unfounded ---A Bad Scare.

SUGGESTIVE OF FUN.

The arrival and departure of troops for the Fifty Infantry; the advance from Fort Keogh of Gen. Miles' expedition; the appearance of four companies of the Seventh Infantry under Major Ilges at the mouth of Musselshell river; the presence of Adjutant Gen. Whipple, of Gen. Sheridan's staff; the dispatch of war correspondents of the great Chicago and New York dailies

TO THE FRONT,

the expected arrival of a fresh agent and supplies for the Indians at Poplar River, are straws that indicate that there is something in the wind—that possibly there may be Indian trouble brewing. The Chicago *Times* claims Gen. Whipple has been ordered to Poplar River to investigate the state of affairs there and then pass on to Assinnaboine. The general says he is only on a pleasure trip.

THE LATEST.

From Mr. Thompson, who came down on the Dakotah last night, it is learned that the Indians are quiet at Poplar River and Wolf Point. Mr. Thompson gave them a feast and Black Catfish an eighty dollar blanket. Mr. Catfish was so well pleased with Miss Thompson that he gave her his buffalo robe embellished on the inside with the characters that mysteriously narrate the incidents of his life. It looks as if Major Bird was

MORE ALARMED THAN HURT,

when he called for the troops at Fort Buford. Mr. Tillinghast, Mr. Thompson's partner, took Stanley Huntley across with him to Woody Mountain post, Major Walsh's headquarters. There he left Huntley in the care of Walsh, who promised to send him to Sitting Bull's camp with a squad of his police and an interpreter. Bull was seventy miles distant and twenty miles on the south side of the boundary line. Walsh had recently sent his

INTERPRETER TO BULL

demanding his return to British soil and the surrender of all the American horses in his possession. He sent back twelve horses and a promise that he would soon be in.

The rumors are plentiful and absurd. The Montana and Helena have both been reported captured by the Indians and numerous other ridiculous things. There is one thing an Indian never does—and that is, capture a steamboat. Another rumor, this morning, pictured Fort Keogh attacked and Gen. Miles with two companies badly whipped.

Legitimate Drama.

We understand there is a proposition to devote two nights each week at Sam Whitney's opera house, to the legitimate drama, and an arrangement has been made for that purpose with the Reno troupe, who, with the assistance of the opera house company, will place upon the boards some of the leading dramas of the day. During those evenings the entrance to the bar room from the theatre will be closed, and neither drinking or smoking will be allowed in the auditorium, nor will any objectionable characters be allowed in the theatre. The entrance will be at the side door. The inauguration piece is to be the popular temperance play "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." It is to be hoped that our citizens will encourage the reform, and thus secure a place where our ladies can occasionally have a little amusement.

Improvements.

The first story of the big mill is completed. Four stories upon that will make the mill a conspicuous feature in the architecture of Bismarck. R. B. Mason has the contract for building a brick engine house for the mill, twenty by thirty, with a smoke stack fifty-five feet high.

Mr. Mason has commenced an excavation for a cistern for the Sheridan eight feet deep and eleven by twenty-six feet in the clear. It will have a cross wall dividing the cistern into two apartments. Near this cistern Mr. Mason will build a brick engine house 28x32 and sixteen feet high. In this house will be produced the steam that will heat the Sheridan. In the Main street wing of the Sheridan there will be opened a new barber shop with bath rooms for both ladies and gentlemen.

Glass Ball Shoot.

Wednesday evening there was another glass ball match giving Bell eleven, Bigelow ten, Wetherby six, Carnahan five and steele four broken balls out of fifteen. After the match Bell broke two balls thrown into the air at once and Bigelow smashed one at long range. Both were fine shots.

Saturday evening Dr. Bigelow, Cashier Bell and Mr. Carnahan broke ten, nine and seven glass balls out of fifteen. For the cigars Bell made a straight "taily." Bigelow is still ahead.

CLIMATE OF THE NORTHWEST.

The Effects Produced by the Japan Current.

It is hard for many to believe that a thousand miles northwest of Bismarck is found a region far superior, for agriculture, to the State of Wisconsin; and it is still harder to believe that a thousand miles further west, along the coast of Alaska, there is a region where frosts are unknown. Were these facts generally known and accepted, people would understand why there is such a rush of immigration to the great northwest. Were the effects of the Japan current on the great northwest understood, as the effect of the Gulf stream on the coasts it touches is understood, people would understand why early vegetables are had in this region before they make their appearance in northern Ohio; why winter on the Pacific coast in the latitude of Montreal becomes a rainy season; why the Peace river country is more productive than the Iowa valley; why Bismarck will make a city of fifty thousand people within the next twenty years.

A writer in the New York *Sun* refers to this matter and gives the following statement of Governor Conchan, of Manitoba: Speaking of changing the line of the Canadian Pacific he said:

"We find that it is much warmer up in latitude 55, 56, 57 and 58, up around Peace and Athabasca rivers, than it is down in latitude 49 at Winnipeg. In fact it is very much warmer up around Great Stove Lake and the McKenzie river than it is at Winnipeg. They raise wheat, barley, and Indian corn up there. This is the effect of the wind blowing from the Japanese Gulf Stream. This wind is called the *chinook* wind by the Indians. It blows up along the coast of British Columbia, making Victoria as warm as San Francisco. In fact, the Caronintilla rose, the fuchsia, and the heliotrope grow out doors all winter at Victoria. Now, upon Peace river John Macon, the government botanist, was bitten by mosquitoes in April. Wheat grows there, between latitude 55 and 59, weighing 68 pounds to the bushel. So you see we have got to run the Canadian Pacific through that country. It may seem funny to you that we should run a railroad right off toward Alaska till we got almost to the Pacific Ocean, but it is a fact."

"Then this is all caused by the warm Japanese Gulf Stream that blows up the Pacific coast toward Alaska?" I asked.

"Yes, that is the cause. Don't your warm Gulf Stream that comes up by Newfoundland from Florida blow across to the Great Britain, which lays in latitude 55, and make it as warm as Philadelphia, situated in latitude 49? If the Gulf stream makes England, in latitude 55, as warm as Philadelphia, why won't it make British Columbia and Peace and Athabasca rivers as warm too? Besides," continued the governor, "we have found that the warm Gulf Stream pushes all the icebergs out through Behring Straits, through the Arctic Sea eastward into Baffins Bay, and they go cooling the air along the coast of Newfoundland and Maine. No icebergs along the Pacific coast. As soon as the new route is surveyed out and a caravan of surveyors started for Peace river yesterday, we will commence grading the Canadian Pacific track west. In about five years we think we can take you Americans almost to Alaska over our Canadian Pacific road. It is 385 miles from Selkirk to Thunder Bay. The road is completed from Selkirk toward Thunder Bay ninety miles, and from Thunder Bay west, toward Selkirk, 120 miles. The 175 miles between, and which will finish the road so as to give Winnipeg and Lake Manitoba an outlet to Lake Superior, is being graded now. Three thousand five hundred men are at work on it. It is to be finished in the spring of 1881. The steel rails for this 175 miles now lay at Thunder Bay. So, counting the track from Winnipeg to St. Vincent, we have about 300 miles of road built."

The Black Hills Mines.

Mark Thompson, a California expert has this to say in an official report of the Black Hills Mines,

"There are three districts mineral belts, or systems of gold bearing quartz veins traversing the Black Hills in a northernly and southernly disection, for a distance of about sixty miles, and although the ore found in these different belts have the same characteristics, they are separated by regular quartite dykes running paralli with them. Judging from the present developments, which are but surface workings, even in the oldest and best mines here, the Black Hills is a mining region pecular to itself, and there would seem to be much truth in the maxim which has obtained such marked popularity. 'Where you find a mine in the Black Hills you have it.' But if science and practical skill affords any grounds on which to base an opinion, future developments will establish the fact that the pecularities talked about as attaching to the Black Hills, are but surface deep. As true, perfect fissure veins are found here as in any mining country yet discovered, and with developements, the same rules which have been successfully applied to the best, most productive mines in the world for the past twenty-five years will prove equally efficatious here. In point of fact, the chief distinctive feature of the Black Hills mines is found in the free milling character of their quartz."

REGULAR RIVER REVIEW.

ITEMS GATHERED FROM UP AND DOWN THE RIVER.

The Week's Arrivals and Departures---Arrival of the Carrier ---A Good Stage of Water---Notes.

ARRIVALS.

Big Horn, Fort Custer.
Josephine, Benton.
Key West, Benton.
Dacotah, Benton.
Macleod, "
Batchelor, Fort Keogh.
Peninah, Benton.
General Sherman, Benton.
Carrier, Yankton.

DEPARTURES.

Big Horn, Fort Custer.
Josephine, Benton.
Key West, Yankton.
Batchelor, Fort Keogh.
Carrier, Yankton.
Peninah, Sioux City.

The Carrier arrived yesterday afternoon with six hundred tons of freight. She will reload here and return to Sioux City. The Carrier is the third new palace steamer in the Missouri river trade above Sioux City. She is two hundred and fifty feet long with handsome proportions and a stately appearance that reminds the writer of an elegant Ohio or Mississippi steamer. Her cabin is one hundred and forty-eight feet long and is certainly all that could be asked. She has royal decks for pleasure travel. Steamboating is a luxury on the Carrier.

Commodore Coulson is getting ready to build a two hundred thousand bushel elevator at Yankton.

The General Rucker is upward bound from Yankton with three hundred tons of oats for Keogh

Steamer Fontenelle loaded this week at Sioux City with four hundred tons, principally grain. She is bound for Benton.

The Nellie Peck left Sioux City last Sunday for the Yellowstone with a heavy load.

Sioux City *Journal* of Wednesday reports the C K. Peck at Yankton for a day repairing her machinery. The *Journal* says she is carrying a monstrous load with a big strain on her machinery.

The Rucker has two hundred shoats on her for Fort Keogh.

Steamers Helena, Montana and Butte will be at the levee on Sunday morning, having passed Buford Friday evening late.

The Dacotah arrived last night from Benton with 188 head of cattle, 40 cabin passengers und a large consignment of beef hides for Chicago.

The Dacotah has made a quick trip, She will return to Benton on Monday the 30th on arrival of the train.

The Big Horn got off to-day with a full load for Custer.

The Montana will leave for Benton on her third trip Thursday, July 3d.

The Big Horn arriged from Fort Custer Sunday 22d and after waiting until yesterday for the Carrier to arrive from below, took on a large ot of government supplies brought by the latter to this point, and departed this afternoon for Fort Keogh and Custer. She was loaded to her full capacity, and had a large number of passengers.

The Rose Bud will be here next Tuesday and will load again for Fort Custer and way points and will leave on July 3d.

The Josephine arrived from the Coal Banks Saturday last, and began loading for Benton and way points, leaving Tuesday crowded to her full capacity with people and freight. Chas Woolfolk went out in command.

The Key West arrived from Benton Saturday last and after discharging her cargo took on fifty tons Government freight and departed for Yankton on Monday the 23d.

The Key West will load at Yankton for posts on the Yelowstone.

The government steamer General Sherman left for Fort Benton on Monday morning loaded with government telegraph poles.

The Baker Line steamer McLeod is now loading for Benton and will leave Tuesday, July 1.

Grant Marsh left in charge of his steamer, F. Y. Batchelor, on Tuesday afternoon. She was loaded with grain. Joseph Leighton and wife together with a pleasant party of ladies passed up as passengers.

The Peninah has passed Bismarck on her way to Sioux City from Benton.

Buford Dispatch June 28—The Sherman passed up at 6 a. m: the Batchelor at 8 a. m, Batchelor gained 13 hours from Bismarck.

The Butte will arrive from above to-night.

The Helena will arrive this afternoon from Custer.

On her last trip up the Yellowstone the steamboat Batchelor took a number of ladies and gentlemen from different parts of the country, the round trip being from Bismarck to Fort Custer and return. On Friday evening just before landing at this port a meeting was called, Col. Ames, of Illinois, was appointed chairman, and the following resolutions in relation to Capt. Grant Marsh were adopted:

Resolved, That we, the passengers making the round trip with Capt. Marsh to Custer and return, hereby tender to him and his subordinate officers our most hearty thanks for the kind and gentlemanly treatment extended to us on our trip, now about to end. Nothing has been spared to render our trip pleasant and agreeable; every question has been answered, every want supplied And we especially congratulate Capt. Marsh upon the fact that he has found a way to run a steamboat with the same gentlemanly courtesy, which characterizes other legitimate callings, and without that swagger and profanity which is a disgrace to any calling.

Resolved, That our esteemed companion in travel, Mrs. Bragg, of Bismarck be requested, at her leisure, to present this testimonial of our regard to Capt. Marsh and Mr. Harry Batchelor with the assurance that their memories shall ever be green.

ISAAC AMES,
Chairman.

Clear Case of Taffy.

Even the girls give it sometimes. When one of the courtesans, mentioned in the *Champion* as having been united in the bonds of matrimony, applied to one of our local ministers to have the interesting ceremony performed, she said she was anxious to have him perform the ceremony because her grandmother was a ——well say Baptist because the Baptists are not represented among our local clergymen.

A Herd of Buffalo.

A correspondent at Fort Stevenson writes that a herd of buffalo recently passed north of that post, throwing the garrison into a hunter's fit and starting everybody in hot pursuit. One of the gardeners, who saw the herd, wounded one but the main body of the pursuers failed to find them. The appearance of a buffalo herd in the vicinity of Stevenson is an unusual thing.

Cancelled Postage Stamps.

It may not be generally known that the penalty attached to using a cancelled stamp is $500 fine, or imprisment for one year or both; but such is the case.

PURELY PERSONAL.

David Macnider is seriously ill.

J. C. Barr has returned from St. Paul.

H. H. Day is a grand juryman at Fargo.

Russ Marsh has returned from Deadwood.

Supt. H. A. Towne came out Thursday evening.

Jno. Gilboy has gone to Ohio for a two months visit.

Chas. Smith, of Standing Rock, was up this week.

Mrs Dr. Porter will soon return from her extended visit east.

J. D. Howard, of Duluth, was one of the Chambers-Mitchell party.

Dave Campbell, the great American Indian scalper, is a pilot on the Carrier.

Ed. Brown has returned from his visit to Illinois. Mrs. B. will not return until fall.

Jno. Waite, of Chicago, and father-in-law of Mr. Chambers, accompanied him on his Bismarck visit.

Hon. John A. Stoyell, of Bismarck, has been invited to orate at Grand Forks on the 4th of July.

Horace says he isn't of the Stripe to desert Bismarck and therefore will not go to Fargo to resine.

Supt. H N. Crossett, of express fame, arrived Tuesday evening, took in the situation and returned.

Mrs. Col. Kirk and daughter, of Fort Buford, and Mrs. Dr. Harvey returned to Buford on the Batchelor.

Mrs. Merryweather, of Michigan, is spending some weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Rev. J. G Miller, of this city.

Mrs. Gen. Whistler and daughters, of Fort Keogh, have gone to Waukesha Springs, Wis., to spend the summer.

Capt. Schindel and family, Fort Stevenson, left on this morning's train, the Captain on a three months' leave.

W. J. Ives and Geo. A. Carpenter were passengers on the Big Horn to Keogh. Ives goes up to extend his butter trade.

Col. J. C. Prescott was looking Bismarck over this week, having come in from the front. Fred Hollembaek is also in.

J. H. Hallett went to Chicago with ten car loads of Montana cattle shipped by Hallett & Keating to that market.

Clerk Chas. Uaher, of the Peninah, was pitched over the railing to the lower deck in fun, and both his arms are in slings.

P Lamar, son of the senatorial brigadier of that name, was with the officers, commanding the recruits for the Fifth Infantry.

A. B. Guptill, of Fargo, returned from Fort Shaw on Monday. He understands that Huntley readed Sitting Bull all right.

E. N. Corey, L. N. Griffin, Frank Brown and Robert Macnider have been at Fargo this week on duty in connection with the U. S. Court.

The Sioux City *Journal* speaks of Anton Norberg, a bully from Bismarck, who got a severe drubbing at the hands of Patsy Crow. Who is Norberg?

Adjutant General Wm. D. Whipple, of General Sheridan's staff, and Walter and Heber Whipple are at the Sheridan awaiting the departure of the Dakota.

The firm now reads Stoyell, Ball & Hunt, with John A. Stoyell at Bismarck, W. F. Ball at Fargo, and W H. Hunt at Jamestown. Good lawyers, all of them.

Frank J. Mead returned from Minneapolis on Tuesday evening. He secured twenty-five men and two teams. The owners of teams think $3 00 per day is too thin.

M. Lassig, of Chicago, closed a contract with Mr, Bellows for the construction of the six Heart bodges and left for his home on Monday. Mr Lassig will push his work.

Daniel Lamey has quit working on the Northern Pacific extension and put his teams to work freighting. The N. P. can't afford to lose many men of Mr. Lamey's energy and intelligence

Mr. Mitchell, of the Duluth *Tribune*, the religious weekly of the secular press of the north west, saw Bismarck and Fort Lincoln on Tuesday. Three years had worked wonders in his opinion.

Gen. H. G. Thomas, recently paymaster at Omaha, Department of the Platte, goes up on the Big Horn to Fort Buford to relieve Major Arthur. Arthur goes to Montana with headquarters at Helena.

P. B. Winston left yesterday morning for Minneapolis on a short visit. He and LeMay have taken the "Big Cut" off Clark's hands and are taking the earth out at the rate one thousand yards per day.

E. B. Chambers, of the Fargo *Times*, was in town Tuesday. He encountered Bigelow and Call at chess and was vanquished. Mr. Chambers will make his *Times* an eight column paper, put in a steam press and employ H. G. Stripe as canvasser.

Joseph Leighton and wife, Mrs. F. Y. Batchelor and son, Pittsburgh, and Capt. Chas. Batchelor, the builder of "the Champion," were among the passengers on the Batchelor. The Batchelor will go up the Yellowstone as high as Huntley, above Pompey's pillar.

Major McIlrath, the proprietor of the Yellowstone *Journal*, Miles City, is a passenger on the Big Horn with a complete outfit of newspaper and job printing material. Major McIlrath is a son of Greeley's old partner and business manager of the New York *Tribune*

John B. Furay, special agent of the postal department, and S. A, Pepper, late postmaster of Central City, were passengers on the Black Hills stage of Tuesday evening. Mr. Furay found Mr. Pepper down in Ohio. Mr. P. will stand his trial upon the charge of embezzling eighteen hundred dollars of the best U. S. documents. He was afflicted with a mania for speedy things. He claims that he was only expending the commissions that he thought were due him.

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But For This.

"Millicent, Millicent, where is supper?"

"God only knows, child."

"Perhaps I'd better pray for some then," said little Jane Blair solemnly.

"Really I think you had," said Millicent, in a soft tone.

There she sat, staring into the little fire on which their last atom of wood was burning, and seeing in the red ashes, into which the light wood dropped so quickly, pictures of the past. They had never been rich people, but always comfortable.

Her father was a seafaring man—first mate of an ocean vessel—and her mother a tidy housewife, who made everything bright and cosy. How he used to sit telling his adventures to them when he was at home.

He would not have been a sailor had there not been sea serpents and mermaids in them, but nothing was too wonderful for those loving folk at home to credit; and indeed he probably believed them himself.

The rooms had been pretty with shells and coral branches, and bright parrots in swinging cages and pictures of ships upon the wall.

It had been so different from this wretched place in which the two girls now lived.

But that was not all; the love was gone—the tender care that parents have for their children.

The mother lay in her green grave in a far-off cemetery; and who can point the place of a shipwrecked sailor's grave?

She remembered so well how he sailed away that last time—how they looked after him, her mother and herself—how they waited for news, and waited in vain, until at last there came to them a sailor, saved from the wreck of the "Flying Scud," who told how she went down in mid-seas at the dead of night, ablaze from one end to the other; and how Roger Blair, the first mate, was among the missing.

After that, poverty and sorrow; departure from the dear old home; toil in a strange city, sickness, friendlessness, and crowning woe of all, the mother's death.

The girl had done her best for her little sister ever since, but she was not a very skillful needlewoman, and could not earn as much as some others; and now work had given out altogether, and she, pretty and sweet and good, and helpful in a daughterly way about the house, was not quite sure that she could win bread for two in any way—bread and shelter and fire.

She was only seventeen, and a frail little creature, with very little strength in her small body, and now that matters were so bad, who can wonder that she almost despaired?

"I suppose it isn't quite supper time yet?" said little Jane again. She had been on her knees behind the bed for a long while. "I wonder whether he knows how hungry I am?"

"What shall I do," said Millicent to herself, as she looked about the room. "I have sold every thing—the clock, the books, even mother's work-box and the parrot. There is nothing left. The child will starve before morning. Oh, what shall I do.

She arose and went to the window and looked down into the street. It was dirty and narrow and swarmed with filthy children.

Opposite was a little drinking shop, about which a blind man with a fiddle drew a profitless audience.

Nothing sweet or fresh or pure met her eye there, but between that scene and herself a sudden breeze blew a beautiful screen, and there was wafted to her through the broken glass an exquisite perfume.

On the sill without stood a rose in a broken teapot.

She had picked up the slip among the rubbish cast out by a neighboring gardener, and it had grown well in its handful of earth.

To-day it had bloomed; a perfect rose, exquisite in shape, perfume and color, drooped from the stem, and beside it a half-blown bud gave promise of another flower as lovely.

Until this moment Millicent, in her anxiety, had forgotten her one treasure.

"But for a gentle shower that had fallen that morning, it might have withered where it stood, for she had not even watered it.

Now a bright thought flitted through her mind.

She had often seen children selling flowers in the street, and ladies and gentlemen seemed glad to buy them.

She would force herself to be courageous.

She would go out into the street with this rose and its bud, and some one would give her enough to buy a loaf of bread or at least a roll for little Jane.

She would do it—she would.

God would give her strength.

She tied on her hood and wraped her shawl about her, and plucking the flower and a leaf or two, and that bright bud, that seemed perhaps the fairer of the two, bade Jane be good and wait for her, and went down stairs and out from the dingy cross street into Broadway.

There everyone save herself seemed gay and happy, and well-dressed.

She seemed to be a thing apart—a black blot in all his brightness.

She stood at a corner and held out her flower, but it seemed that no one heeded her.

At last she gathered courage to touch one of the ladies that passed, and say:

"Buy a rose, lady—buy a rose! Please buy a rose."

But the woman hurried by as the rest had.

It would not do to stand still.

She walked on slowly.

Whenever she caught a pleasant eye she held out her bouquet, and repeated her prayer:

"Buy a rose! buy a rose!"

But the sun was setting and she was opposite the City Hall Park, and still no one had bought her flower.

She was growing desperate.

Some one should buy it.

Jane should have bread that night.

"Buy a rose! See! Look at it! See how pretty it is!" she cried, in a voice sharpened by hunger and sorrow. "Look! You don't look at it, or you'd buy it."

"These street beggers should be suppressed," said the stout man she had addressed. "Young woman, I'll give you in charge if you don't behave yourself."

"He don't know, he don't know," said Millicent to hersolf. "Nobody could guess how poor we are. Oh, what a hard, hard world!"

Then she went on not daring to speak again, and her rose drooped a little in her fingers, and still no one seemed disposed to buy it.

In her excitement she had walked further than she knew.

She was far down Broadway, and before her was the Bowling Green, with its newly-trimmed grass plot and its silvery fountain.

A little further on the Battery, newly restored to its pristine glory, and on its benches some blue-bloused emigrants with round faces, and their bareheaded wives with woolen petticoats and little shawls crossed over their bosoms and knotted at the waist.

As they stared about them, it struck the girl that they, fresh from the sea, might be tempted by the fresh, sweet rose she held in her hand to spend a few pennies; but when she offered it to them, she saw they were more prudent.

They only shook their heads solemnly and looked away from her.

And this last hope gone, despair seized upon Milicent.

She sat down upon a bench and began to weep bitterly.

The twilight was deepening.

She was far from home and little Jane.

She was faint with weariness and hunger.

Beyond the present moment all seemed an utter blank to her.

She covered her face with her hands; the rose dropped into her lap unheeded.

She care for it no more.

Fate was so much against her that no one would even buy a beautiful flower like that of her.

There were steps.

She heeded them not.

There were voices.

It mattered not to her.

Suddenly some one said:

"What a beautiful rose."

And the words caught her ear.

She looked up.

Three or four seafaring men, with bundles in their hands, were passing by, fresh from the ocean evidently, embrowned with the sun and wind, and with the ship's roll still in their gait.

Sailors were always generous. One of these would buy the flower.

She held out the flower.

"Buy it please," she whispered, faintly. "Please buy this rose."

"I am glad to get it," said a stout, elderly man, slipping forward. "What's the price, my lass? Will that do?"

He tossed three or four foreign-looking silver pieces into her lap, and took the flower.

Then looking at her very closely he spoke again:

"What's the trouble, lass. Don't be afeared to tell me. I had a little girl of my own once. She's dead now. Tell me can I help you?"

Millicent looked up.

The man's face was half hidden by his hat, and he was stouter and grayer than her father had been, but she fancied a likeness.

"You have helped me, sir," she said, "by buying the rose. Thank you very much. My father was a sailor too; and he was shipwrecked."

"It's a sailor's fate," said the man. "It's time you were getting home, lass. This city is no place for a young girl to be out in after night. But just wait, a sailor's orphan has a claim on a sailor, and my poor little Millicent would have been about your age if she had lived."

"Millicent!" screamed the girl. "Oh, my name is Millicent. I'm frightened. I don't know what to think. You look like him—you. I'm Millicent Blair. My father was Roger Blair. Is it a dream? It can't be true. It can't be father!"

But the next instant he had her in his arms, and she knew that the sea had given him back to her.

Wrecked with the vessel, but not lost, he had been cast upon a desert island, whence he escaped after three weary years, only to find his little home empty.

The widow had left her little cottage to earn her living in the city, and the news of her death had been brought back to her old home by some one who had been in New York when she died, and who had either heard or imagined that he heard that her children were dead also.

And the news was told to Roger Blair by kindly people who believed it thoroughly, and he had borne it as best he could, and had sailed the sea again, a weary, heart-broken man.

He had not found all his treasures, but that some were spared was more than he had ever hoped; and the meeting between father and daughter was like two arisen from the dead.

And so the rose bush had done more for Millicent than she could have dreamed; and to this day it is the most cherished treasure in the little home where the old man lives with his two daughters; and when once a month its blossoms fill the air with their fragrance, they crowd about it as the shrine of some sainted thing, and whisper:

"But for this we should still be parted."

SHREVEPORT papers are trying to encourage immigration by calling attention to the fact that their city has no brass band.

Little Folks.

When, asks an exchange, is a child most under the influence of its parents? In the case of a boy, when he is strapped, but we give it up on girls.

"It's only a spring opening, ma," explained that awful boy, as he exhibited his torn trousers after a leap over the picket fence.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says that old age needs an easy chair and a pair of slippers. Yes, and youth needs a pair of knees and only one slipper.

A little five-year old-boy, who had seen a peacock for the first time, ran into the house exclaiming to his sister, "O, Lizzie! I've seen a great, great, big monstiferous tail walking aronnd with a hen tied to it."

Granddaughter: "but you will go to the funeral of your old friend, grandpa?" Octogenarian: "Oh, I don't know. Don't talk to me o' funerals. Much as ever I shall be able to get to my own."

There was a young man from Chicago,
Who one day did near a buzz-saw go,
When he bellowed. "By gum,
It wasn't much fun
To see the whole of my paw go."

Old gent (who firmly believes in compulsory education) to cow-boy: "Oh, you go to school, do you? Now, I dare say you can tell me who it was that was saved when the world was drowned, can't you?" Cow-boy: "Yes, sir; but I forgit his name."

Little hopeful to papa, who has been absent. "Papa, I was run over yesterday." Papa: "What! you were not hutr? How did it happen?" L. H.: "Oh, I was run over by the elevated railroad." Papa wondered if his heir won't some day be president.

The Danish Plan.

"The Maiden Assurance Society" is a somewhat singular business institution in Denmark which perhaps might be made to flourish in this country. The nobleman—for the association is peculiarly for this class—as soon as a female child is born to him, enrolls her name in a certain association of noble families, and pays a certain sum, and thereafter a fixed annual amount, to the society. When she has reached the age of—we believe—twenty one, she becomes entitled to a fixed income and to an elegant suite of apartments in a large building of the association, with gardens and parks about it, inhabited by other older noble ladies who have thus become members. If her father dies in her youth, and she desires it, she has shelter in this building, and at the fixed time her income. When she dies or marries, all this right to income lapses, and the money paid in swells the endowment of the association. Her father may pay for twenty years, and then her marriage cut off all advantage of the insurance. But this very chance must enable the company to change lower annual premiums, and make the burden less on the father insuring. He has at any rate the pleasant feeling that his small annual payments are insuring his daughter's future, and giving her a comfortable home and income after he has gone. It is obvious that the chances for marriage among a given number of women can be calculated as closely as those of death.

The plan has worked well for generations in Copenhagen. The possession of an "apartment house" by the association in some pretty suburb of New York, would certainly add to the attractiveness of the plan, and would only be a portion of the assets of the company. A single lady, at the death of her father, or when she was of age, would thus find herself in possession of a pleasant suite of rooms with respectable companions, and in the enjoyment of a small fixed income. The class who now suffer most from the convulsions of the business—single and unprotected women of well-to-do families—would thus be sheltered and cared for. Fathers who could not spare capital for their daughters could thus devote some portions of annual income which would secure their future. We commend the Danish plan to our insurance companies.

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St. Paul Business Directory.

(W. L. Perkins, Maurice Lyons.)

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HOUSE, FARM AND GARDEN.

Household Hints.

When color on a fabric has been destroyed, sponge it with acid-ammonia, after which an application of chloroform will restore the original color.

To make starch polish, take two ounces of spermaceti, two of white wax, and melt them together with gentle heat; add one teaspoonful to one pint of starch.

To remove mildew from light kid gloves without injuring them, first dry the gloves thoroughly; stretch, rub the spots well with a moderately stiff brush, then with a small quantity of egg albumen or flour-paste.

To clean zinc, take oxalic acid, dissolve in soft water; wet a cloth with it, rub the zinc all over, and immediately follow with a dry, soft cloth. Care must be taken not to get the acid on the clothes, as it will spot them.

Clothes can be bleached by putting six cents' worth of oxalic acid into a gallon of boiling water and pouring over them. Stir them up and let them remain in it till the water is cold, and then lay them out on the grass to bleach. They will soon be as white as snow.

A simple way to remove iron-rust from any white cotton or linen fabric is to soak it for several days in sour milk. This rarely fails, but if it should, phosphoric acid (liquid) may be applied successfully and without injury. No process is required but to touch the spots with the acid and let it dry.

To clean engravings, put the engravings on a smooth board, cover it thinly with common salt, finely powdered; squeeze lemon-juice upon the salt so as to dissolve a considerable portion of it; elevate one end of the board so that it may form an angle of about forty-five or fifty degrees with the horizon. Pour on the engraving boiling water from a tea-kettle until the salt and lemon juice are all washed off; the engraving will then be perfectly clean and free from stains. It must be dried gradually on the board or on some smooth surface, being secured by drawing or other pins. If dried by the fire or in the sun it will be tinged with a yellow color.

Beginning Poultry Keeping.

There continues to be a very general desire to engage in keeping poultry. The business does not require hard work, is attractive, agreeable and interesting. It also promises profit to those who engage in it earnestly, and profit is the chief inducement to the majority of the novices who desire to attempt it. A few general cautions are needed by those who would undertake this business.

A novice cannot by the mere use of money, take up poultry keeping and make a success of it. On the contrary he will be more than likely to lose all the money he invests, if he supposes that the business consists only in buying some fowls and feed, and in selling eggs and chickens, by simply permitting the hens to produce eggs while he gathers them. Success comes only to the person of long experience who knows precisely what is to be done to secure this result. It is best to begin with a few fowls, making their keeping a secondary business, until these can be managed with success and profit. The number may be increased, and when the business pays sufficiently, their sole attention may be given it. To commence with it is more profitable to purchase fowls than eggs.

Potatoes want Potash.

The potato flourishes the best in a climate of moderate temperature and moderate moisture, in a virgin soil unmanured by animal manures. Nitrogeneous manures do not seem to be favorable to the productions of the best potatoes. The recently cleared regions of Maine, Vermont, parts of Canada and the Michigan lumber districts especially, furnish the best potatoes. The potato draws heavily upon the soil's mineral element. It needs potash and consumes much of it. In soils almost devoid of vegetable matter, but abounding mineral matter, as in the foot hills of the Rocky mountains, the potatoes thrive wonderfully. In seasons of potato rot, many good crops have been grown on elevated wind-swept land, such free course of air is unfavorable to the growth of fungi. But fine crops in favorable seasons are raised in swampy lands, and in such soils the potato bug has frequently found that the vigorous tops were too much for him, and has been unable to injure the crop. Having selected a soil you may plant on turf turned, or on land in culture the year before. I prefer the latter and would plant after buckwheat, for buckwheat is said to kill out the wire worm, and does not require manures of a kind to hurt the potato. Plow and plant early. I believe in deep planting—three to four inches below the level surface of the ground is not too deep for the potato.

Food for Young Turkeys.

In some cases, even the best of care fails to secure a good number of young turkeys. Before they have fully feathered up they are the tenderest of birds, but when they have put on a full dress of feathers, nothing in the way of poultry is more hardy or less liable to disease or disorder. As young turkeys, like young guineas, make such very rapid growth of feathers, when young, they require constant care and food in fair quantities and often, to enable them to withstand the great strain on their systems; and not supplying them fully at that stage of growth is what causes so many to drop off suddenly, from no apparent cause. Boiled egg, chopped fine, no doubt makes a good food for turkeys, to commence with, but it is not at all necessary. One of the most successful breeders of turkeys we know of never fed a crumb of boiled egg, but commences with stale bread crumbs, slightly mixed with new, fresh milk, giving them five or more feeds daily, but only in such quantities as they would eat up clean at every feed. Onion tops or lettuce chopped up fine and mixed with their food was given, while an occasional seasoning of red (cayenne) pepper was supplied. They were treated to sweet milk for drinking purposes, and when they got some little age, cottage cheese was liberally supplied—and they are very fond of it. There is as much in the care as in the feeding, and they must have the best of both to induce them to stay with us. Dampness and dew are fatal to young turkeys; the *remedy* suggests itself in a *preventive*.

Two Irish Servants.

When Tyrone Power was in this country he used to tell the following anecdotes in his own inimitable war:

One day the Duke of Beaufort, the Count d'Orsay, with two or three other noblemen, dined in Albion Street.

"Plaize, what will I do for the soup, ma'am?" inquired the cook, thrusting her head into the drawing-room about five minutes before the guests arrived.

"The soup?" echoed Mrs. Power, in astonishment.

"Yes, ma'am, the soup. I suppose you'll be for having some. Is it mock turtle or real turtle, ma'am, I'll be sending James for?"

"Why, you must be mad, Nora! How can you ask such a question? You know you made the soup yesterday. You put it into the great white basin, and—"

"Was that the soup, ma'am, in the great white basin?"

"You know it was, child!"

"Bad luck to me if I haven't thrown it down the sink, thin! I thought it was dirty water!"

One night the housemaid, who had never been to a theatre, was sent to see her master play Teddy the Tiler.

"Well, how did you like the play, Katty?" inquired her mistress, the next morning.

"Och! ma'am, it was beautiful—the finest ever I see! Many thanks to you ma'am, for trating me to that same."

"Did you see your master, Katty?"

"Indeed, I did, ma'am."

"And how did he look?"

"Och! like a raal gentleman every inch, when he got out of his working clothes."

"And how did he act, Katty?"

"Why, truth be told, ma'am, I can't say much for his acting. Pat Rooney, or Tim Flannigan, or any other Tiler, would have done just as he did. No offence, ma'am; but if I hadn't known it was the master, I shouldn't have taken it for acting."

"But didn't he make you laugh, Kitty?"

"Indeed and he didn't, ma'am. My heart was too heavy for that."

"Too heavy?"

"Troth was it, ma'am."

"What do you mean, child?"

"Och! och, don't ax, ma'am, don't ax."

"Not ask?"

"You'd better not, ma'am—you'd better not—you won't if you are wise. Och! och! such a handsome, such a good-natured lady, och! och!"

"I insist upon knowing what you mean, this instant!"

"Then, if I must speak, ma'am, the master's conduct was shameful!"

"Shameful!"

"Och! scandalous, ma'am, scandalous! May I die, if he didn't kiss every lady he came near; without mentioning the lap-dog."

How Shaving Originated.

The custom of shaving the beard was enforced by Alexander of Macedon, not for the sake of fashion but for practical end. He knew that the soldiers of India, when they encountered their foes, had the habit of grasping them by the beard, and so he ordered his soldiers to shave. Afterward shaving was practiced in the Macedonian army, and then among Greek citizens. The Romans imitated the Greeks in the practice, as they did in many other things, and spread it into the other European nations yet barbaric. In the middle ages, at that time of the Renaissance, shaving was introduced, and the habit was retained, though classicism gave place to romanticism, and that in its turn gave place to realism. The beard was a source, of trouble to Peter the Great, who, simultaneously with the introduction of his great reforms into Russia, tried to induce his people to imitate the shaving nations. This innovation was resisted by his subjects with the utmost persistance, and they preferred to pay a heavy fine rather than suffer disfigurement, as they believed, of the image of God. To the Russians of olden times the beard was a symbol of liberty. In several countries of Western Europe and in the United States the beard was restored to honor only about twenty years ago, but even yet a majority of men respect the custom introduced by Alexander the Great.

Who Owns These Albums.

I own to a peculiar carelessness and forgetfulness in personal matters. I grieve and mourn over a chronic inability to remember names. I sometimes fear I would forget my brother's name, if it didn't sound so much like my own. I have sometimes, when out on the war-path, forgotten my own, and been compelled to write home to my wife to ascertain what it was. I have sometimes been introduced to a gentleman, and then, before he could get through with the customary introductory remark about the weather, or how I liked the town, I have found myself wondering, wondering, wondering until my head ached, what under the sun was that man's name! Since my return to my own peaceful fireside—I forget, this is not the fireside season—I mean, to my own protecting fly-screens, I have, or rather, the members of my family have, in overhauling my effects in a frenzied search for loose nickles, discovered seven autograph albums evidently committed to me for the insertion of "an autograph." These albums possess the peculiarity of all autograph albums. They contain the names of all people, save those of their owners; and I, wretched man that I am, I know not where I got them. If the confiding people who sent me their albums, trusting to my easy promise to leave them with the hotel clerk, will please send me their names and addresses, and a precise description money." The incipient Shakespeare looked the mute, inglorious Milton in the eye and said with fervor, "And my father is in the bankruptcy business, and has got more money than your father."

IRISH SONG.

(Air—"Oh! Woman of the House")

Before the first ray of blushing day,
  Who should come by but Kitty Chan
With her cheek like the rose on a bed of snow,
And her bosom beneath like the sailing swan,—
  I looked and looked, till my heart was gone.

With the foot of the fawn she crossed the lawn,
  Half confiding, and half in fear;
And her eyes of blue, they thrilled me through,
One blessed minute, then like the deer
  Away she darted, and left me here

Oh! Sun, you are late at your golden gate
  For you've nothing to show beneath the sky
To compare to the lass who crossed the grass
Of the shamrock field ere the dew was dry,—
  And the glance that she gave me as she
  went by.

—*The Spectator*

He Was Not a Veteran.

An aged man came into our sanctum yesterday. Deep-eyed sadness sat on his eyebrows, like a frog on the shore of a mill-pond. His attire was faultless in regard to ventilation; in fact, he looked as if he was a model for some house that manufactured ventilators. His shoes showed two long slits for admitting air, which could come out at his knee, elbow or hat, the whole system of ventilation being perfect and complete. He hung his hat upon the third hook from the door, being the one set in diamonds, and drawing our new morocco footstool up to our feet, sat down and opened fire

"I am probably the only survivor of one of the most desperate charges at Gettysburg," said he. "I was on the very spot which the rebels and the Union soldiers charged over ten times, and I never stirred out of my tracks. I was right where fifteen cannon-balls tore up the earth in every direction, tearing men to pieces, and finally flinging back the torn armies in confusion."

"Did you escape?" we asked.

"I did."

"You escaped? But you were wounded?"

"No, sir; I was not touched."

"You were not even wounded?"

"Not much."

"But certainly your clothes were pierced with bullets?"

"Not a bit of it. Nary a bullet."

"And yet you want money. No, sir! Had your head been shot off, or a cannon-ball torn you in bits, or 229 bullets been lodged in your body, we might have given you ten cents; but as it is, charity must begin at home. John, bring us a five-cent cigar."

"But I'm the only survivor," persisted this old veteran.

"Then go hire a hall, and charge ten cents for the exhibition."

"Exhibition be hanged!" said he. Give me ten cents, and I'll tell you how didn't get killed."

It was a tempting bait, and was taken Then he sidled towards the door as he remarked:

"I was on the very spot where the charge was made. I stood where the bullets fell like rain, but—'twas a month after it happened.

Shooting Down Nihilist Prisoners.

The offenders incarcerated in the prison of Kieff, who include among them a large number of Nihilists, determined to make an effort to escape. The plan adopted was to undermine the jail by digging a passage beneath the building into the field beyond the walls, and by this means get clear of the edifice. One of the prisoners, however, betrayed the designs of his companions in durance, and informed the governor of the projected means of escape. What did the authorities thereupon determine to do? They quietly permitted the unfortunate prisoners to continue uninterrupedtly their work of constructing an underground passage.

On the evening when the captives had completed this undertaking and expected to emerge to the freedom so long coveted the governor stationed a file of infantry with loaded muskets at the end of tunnel out of which they were to pass into the open field beyond the jail. Then as each one came up, and they could, owing to the narrowness of the apperture, only leave one by, he was shot down by the soldiery placed there for the purpose. Those remaining in the subterannean passage, affrighted by the sound of firearms, stood still. Whereupon the governor ordered another file of infantry to enter the tunnel from the end within the prison, while those with him force there way in from without. In this narrow dungeon the whole of the unfortunate prisoners were shot down, fired on from behind and before, and wholly incapable of escape or resistance.

The performance afforded considerable amusement to the governor of the Kieff prison, who now wears upon his breast an honory distinction for the ability he displayed in preventing the escape of the prisoners under his charge.—*St. Petersburg Paper.*

A good colored man once said in a class-meeting: "Bredren, when I was a boy I took a hatchet into the woods. When I found a tree that was straight, big, and solid, I didn't touch that tree, but when I found one leaning a little and hollow inside, I soon had him down. So when de dibbil get after Christains, he don't touch dem dat stand straight and true, but dem dat lean a little, and are hollow inside."

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

The Bismarck Tribune.

BY C. A. LOUNSBERRY.

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WEEKLY, One Year,	$2 50
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Original poetry, $1 per line.

All bills for Advertising will be collected monthly.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

MASONIC.

The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No 120, A F & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third mondays of each month at 7 p m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.

JOSEPH HARE, W. M.
EMER N. COREY, Sec.

I. O. O. F.

The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12 I. O. O F., are held in Masonic Hall every Tuesday Brothers in good standing are cordially invited.

J. M. CARNAHAN, N. G.
LOUIS HECHLER, R. Sec.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. J. G. Miller, B. D., rector Services at the brick school house every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school after morning service. All are cordially invited to attend.

METHODIST CHURCH—Services every Sunday at the City Hall, at 11 a. m and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School immediately after the morning services. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m.

GEO. W. BARNETT. Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Corner of Thayer and Second St., Rev. S G. Dodd, Pastor. Sabbath services at 11 a. m and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at the close of the morning service. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Seats free.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

On the Northern Pacific mail arrives daily, Mondays excepted, at 7:45 p. m. Leave daily, except Sunday at 7:45 a. m.

Leave for Forts Stevenson, Berthold and Buford and the Tongue river posts every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, arriving every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Leave for Fort Rice and Standing Rock every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday: returning, arrive every Monday, Thursday and Saturday.

Leave for Deadwood and other points in the Black Hills daily at 8 p m.

Registered Mails for all Points Close at 5 P. M. Office open from 7 a. m. to 7:30 p. m. On Sundays from 7 to 9.30 a. m., and 4 to 7 p. m.

The Post Office is now supplied with the ten dollar refunding certificates; the safest and best investment known for small sovings.

BISMARCK, SATURDAY, JUNE 28. 1879.

An exchange remarks that "whoever says Weston is not an American citizen, in the language now common in the United States Senate, is a blackguard, coward and a liar."

THE Dakota *Mail*, published by John W. Walsh, at Firesteel, Davidson County, has made its appearance. It is a bright, lively six column, auxiliary print, a credit to the publisher and to the county.

SIX railroads are now pushing their lines across Dakota, and more new settlers are coming into Dakota than any section of the west. The rush for Dakota is much greater than that for Texas two years ago.

THE Chicago & Northwestern company are going for the Black Hills direct. They are now building from Tracy, Lyon Co., Minn., to the Fort Pierre. The line is a branch of the Winona and St. Peter R. R. The main line will be extended from Lake Kampeska to Bismarck.

THE government educates men for the army. The rebel brigadiers in, the army appropriation bill just passed, offer a premium of $750 to all of those educated, for the purpose who decline to serve, but then vacancies are left which may be filled from civil life when the brigadiers capture the white house as well as congress.

NEWSPAPERS in Dakota are multiplying. Every week brings one or more new exchanges. This week comes the *Dakota News*, published at Watertown, S. J. Conklin, editor, Conklin, Fraze & Co., publishers. Watertown is situated on the Dakota extension of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad. The *News* gives a list of forty odd business houses where four months ago there was nothing but wild prairie. The *News* is a six column quarto, edited with more than ordinary ability and very neatly printed.

As Bismarck's former business—contracting and supplying contractors—passes on to the front—a new interest a thousand times more valuable, because it is permanent, is being developed. Go to Boulder Heights and look on what seemed a few years ago a treeless waste, and gaze in any direction and behold the new farm houses, and the farms being opened. You will observe Gen. Stark's five hundred acre field of oats; you will see the building on Clark's one thousand acre field of waving grain; you will see the Black furrows on President Hayes' 640 acres now being broken; you will see black spots indicating freshly turned prairie sod, or waving fields of grain, and farm houses in every direction. Looking down on the city the development there will seem wonderful. New buildings, church spires, school houses, magnificent hotels, where only six years ago there was but a collection of tents and log shacks You will observe, rising daily, the walls of the new grist mill, which will be worth to the city in the end more than all of the military and Indian trade it has ever enjoyed, because it will stimulate the development of our agricultural resources, the only basis on which permanent prosperity can rest. You will see all this and realize, if of a thoughtful turn of mind, that it is this in connection with Bismarck's location and well established commercial interests, that will make this a city of twenty thousand people within the next ten years.

THE "BAD LANDS."

The time was when a large portion of the great West was put down on the maps as the "Great American Desert." The great desert proved a myth. Then nearly all of Dakota was rated as bad lands. Observation proved that the per centage of waste land was less in Dakota than in any other state or territory in the union, though stretches of bad lands from twenty-five to thirty miles in width were conceded to exist along the Little Missouri. White and other rivers, but recent explorations prove that the "bad lands" are our very best grazing lands, and hereafter the "bad lands," so-called, on the North Pacific. will be known as Pyramid Park. The name is appropriate because on every hand mounds of clay presenting the appearance of deserted castles or grand old pyramids, may be seen. Here and there are clusters of scrubby oak, cottonwood or box elder, and spots or patches of the best grazing lands in the world. Even now grass in the "bad lands" is breast high to the horses. When hunters were sent out from the expeditions, which have year after year passed over this country, they sought the bad lands and never failed there to find the game. The Indians made their summer camps in them and ranchmen seeking locations for growing stock, chose the "bad lands" in preference to any other, and it is high time for this misnomer to be dropped, and time to apply the more appropriate name of Pyramid Park. Gen. Stark, J. B. Powers and others who have just returned from a trip along the line of the North Pacific road from Bismarck to the Little Missouri admit that they have seen new light and they agree with Dyrillus, Morrison and others that the North Pacific lands lying west of the Missouri may be fairly rated with the best within its grant.

THE President has signed the army bill but has returned the judicial bill without his approval. There are 45,000 cases in the U. S. courts, and millions are at stake, and the closing of the U. S. courts which will follow, will seriously effect interests amounting to millions in all parts of the country. Like the rain the trouble to follow will fall on the just as well as the unjust; will effect southern as well as northern interests, and all will denounce the failure to appropriate as an outrage for which the Democratic party is alone responsible. Though the Democratic majority threaten to go home without further action on this measure, it is not believed that they will not dare to do so. Indeed it is believed there are just men enough acting with the majority who will join the Republicans and provide for all the necessary expenses of the government, but should they fail to do so, the President will again convene congress in extra session and keep it at work until the courts are provided for. Having failed to repeal the laws which he has sworn to execute, he does not propose to allow them to be nullified through any fault of his. Since the above was in type congress has provided for all court expenses excepting United States Marshals.

THE Sioux Falls *Times* says the Southern Minnesota railroad people are contemplating the construction of a branch line to Sioux Falls. The writer was familiar ten years ago, with the plans of the Southern Minnesota railroad company. It was then their intention to strike the Missouri with their main line at the point where the North Pacific should cross it, and he still has reason to believe that their main line will ultimately connect with the North Pacific at this point The fact that the road has recently passed into the hands of the Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. Co., does not change the case. The extension of the Winona & St. Peter road, owned by the Chicago & Northwestern. to Bismarck with the Tracy branch toward the Black Hills, will force the Milwaukee & St. Paul Company to extend their Hastings and Dakota line toward the Black Hills and their Southern Minnesota line to Bismarck. The construction of either of these lines to Bismarck is certain to force the construction of the other, and both are as certain to reach this point as water is certain to reach its level.

THE Northern Pacific Railroad Company have reduced the prices of their land east of the Missouri from $2.50 to $8.50 per acre to from $1.50 to $6.50 per acre, in order to meet the appreciation in the value of the stock of the company which is received at par for the lands, so these lands unrivaled for stock or wheat culture may still be had at from 75 cents to $2.50 per acre. The lands west of the Missouri river are now in market at about the same price, seventy-five cents to $2.50 per acre, and may be paid for in cash or in the construction bonds of the company. There are still thousands of acres near the road between Jamestown and Bismarck that can be taken on these terms, and millions of acres of adjoining government land that can be had under the pre-emption, homestead or tree culture claim law.

THE Democrats have finally found a knot hole through which they believe they can crawl out of their present difficulty. They have determined in caucus assembled, to pass the appropriation bill, pure and straight, omitting, however, provision for the payment of U. S. deputy marshals. This necessary item of public expense they propose providing for in a separate bill, tacking on all the objectionable provisions contained in the vetoed bill, expecting, of course, that the President will again veto it, when they will adjourn and go home, and appeal to the country on the record they have made, all of the expenses of the government excepting this one item having been provided for.

BEECHER made a terrible onslaught on orthodoxy, in his pulpit last Sunday, a secret circular sent by a church near his having been discovered, the purpose of which seems to be to destroy Beecher and demoralize his congregation, because of his liberal views. He said: "If the works of the devil were anywhere in exposition it was in the external developments of the Christian church. The worst kind of assassination to-day was that committed by men who pray in order that they may stab. For the sake of orthodoxy men destroyed religion; for the sake of pious doctrine they served the devil; for the sake of all that is pure they did all that is mean and nasnasty."

SENATOR WINDOM has again been unloading solid shot into the Democratic camp, making one of the most effective speeches of the session in which he reviewed the course of the two parties during the past twenty years and defied the Democrats to point a single case of Republican peculation discovered by Democratic investigation. The array of Democratic peculation before the war and of Democratic sins during and since the war was perfectly appalling.

Gen. Hazen has written a letter protesting against being continually represented as having denounced the whole Northern Pacific country including the Red River country, as being a barren region wholly unfit for agriculture, and quotes from his letter of 1873 to show that he has been misrepresented. He admits that the country for seventy-five miles west of the Red River is good but still shows a lack of faith in the country west of the Red River valley. He will yet be forced to further modify his views.

The President has withdrawn the judicial nomination of Secretary McCreary, probably because it became certain that he would not be confirmed. McCreary, it is said, furnished the legal arguments embraced in one of the President's vetoes.

O, wreathe the ballot-box in chains!
With crape festoon the starry flag!
Alas! No freedom now remains
Of which we lately loved to brag!
For merely voting several times
A man is seized—abused, in short,
As if he had committed crimes,—
By Little Johnny Davenport.

Personal.

W. B. Shaw has been to Stevenson this week,

Capt, Edward McGuire went east this morning.

John Thompson and Mr. Tillinghast came down on the Dacotah.

M. Cahn will return from the east next week. Henry Cahn came in last evening,

Hon. C. H. Gould and A. B. Kendall. of Lincoln, Neb., are at the Sheridan. They contemplate stopping in this section.

E. D. Sawyer, of Meadville, Pa, a friend of Col Frank Moore, of the Eclipse, is west seeking a safe investment for his surplus wealth.

Editor Bowen of the Yankton *Press* and Gov. Bross of the Chicago *Tribune*, returned on the Dacotah and left for the east this morning.

Hon. N. S. Porter and family, of Ponca, Neb., are at the Sheridan. Mr. Porter goes to Poplar River Indian Agency to relieve Dr, Bird. Porter is a live man, and if he doesn't make a good agent the stuff isn't in the average American.

Vice President Stark and party have returned from their Yellowstone trip, They did not find the Little Missouri fordable and were obliged to turn back. They were twenty-five miles from the stage ferry without any road connecting, hence the turn homeward.

Jno. F. Finnerty, the pyrotechnic war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, was a passenger on the Josephine. He will join Gen. Miles' expedition and await developments. The *Times* evidently thinks there are breakers ahead or its best man would not be dispatched to the front.

W. G. Stiles, of the Thorn Wire Hedge Co., Chicago, was in the city this week, interviewing his agent, Mr. Peoples, on barb wire, etc. He thinks the barb will come in general use in this section. Jno. A. McLean has one hundred and sixty acres fenced with it and Dr. Porter is putting it around his farm.

Col. John C. Thompson, of New York, who has spent several months past at Bismarck. hoping to improve his health, has returned to New York. The Colonel gained many friends at Bismarck and will probably return. He has his eye on a sheep farm in Montana, however.

W. B. WATSON,

BISMARCK, - DAKOTA,

Dealer In Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

The Largest and Best Stock in the City and prices that defy competition.

Buying for Cash he Sells for Cash.

DRESS GOODS

of all kinds, SILKS of all shades and colors. Elegant assortment of

Ladies' Ties, Cuffs, Collars and Underwear.

Ladies' Zephyr Shawls, and Sacks; Laces, Hamburg Edgings and Insertions; Hosiery, Etc., in endless variety; White Goods of every sort

Prints of Every Variety.

Bring in your Samples and Compare Prices furnished by Eastern Houses.

MAY 31-9 1

Bismarck Retail Market.

Frazee's Four Ace flour	4 00
Belle of Moorhead flour	3 75
Frazee White Rose flour	3 50
Celebrated North Pacific Flour	3 75
Oats per 100 lb	2 00
Seed Barley per 100 lb	2 50
Potatoes per bushel	1 00
New Potatoes per bushel	5 00
Choice dairy packed butter	25
Eggs per doz	15
Sugar Cured Hams per lb	12½
Country " "	11
Breakfast Bacon	12½
Clear Side	10
Cranberries per peck	75
Onions per bushel	1 50
Beef Cattle, live, per cwt	4 00
Veal per lb	12@15
Porterhouse steak per lb	15@18
Common Steak per lb	12½
Work Oxen per yoke	100to128
Mutton dressed	15@15
Mackerel per lb	12½
Corn per cwt	2 00
Oats "	9 00
Hay per ton	2 00
New Hay per ton	8 00
Sugar Standard A per lb	12
Sugar Granulated	13
Coffee, old Gov. Java per lb	35
Choice Rio	35
Japan Tea per lb	05@07
Green Imperial	75@1 00
English Breakfast Imperial Black	75
Choice Syrups per gal	1 00
New Orleans Molasses	75
Dried Apples per lb	12½
Dried Evaporated Apples	20
Tobacco Lorillard Plug per lb	75
Durham Smoking per lb	75
Rice per lb	10
Candles per lb	20
Common laundry Soap	08
Cheese per lb	15@20
Kerosene Oil per gal	40
Lard Oil	1 00
Linseed Oil	1 00

Notice For Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT BISMARCK, D. T., June 28, 1879.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: George Keidel. Pre-emption D. S. No. 239 for the SE¼ of NW¼ and the E½ and SW¼ of SW¼ Sec. 34, Township 139 Range 81, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Alex. Helmsworth of Burleigh County, D. T., and Harvey A. Fox, of Burleigh County, D. T.

5-9 PETER MANTOR, Register.

Front Office For Rent.

Inquire of Asa Fisher. 4-6

Window Screens.

Door and window screens of our new wire cloth made to order. Sure stop to mosquitoes.

3-6 C. S. WEAVER & Co.

Announcement Extraordinary.

Kept constantly on hand at the Minne-ha-ha Sample Room:

Fresh Ale and Porter on draught.
Schiltz's Export Beer,
Imported Ginger Ale,
Appollainaris Water,
Seltzer Water,
Fine Rye and Bourbon Whiskies,
Best brands of Cigars.
All Mixed Drinks in season.

The popular resort of the City. Everything first-class. Free Lunch every night. 3tf

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely pure—made from Grape Cream of Tartar, imported exclusively for this Powder from the wine district of France. Always uniform and wholesome. Sold only in cans by all grocers. A pound can mailed to any address, postage paid on receipt of 60 cents. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 171 Duane St., New York. Most cheap powders contain alum; dangerous to health; avoid them; especially when offered loose or in bulk. 2

N. B. HARWOOD & CO.,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,

DRY GOODS

AND

NOTION JOBBERS,

Also Manufacturers of Miners' and Freighters' Goods,

Tents,

Wagon-covers,

Tarpaulins

AND Awnings.

We have the best Water Proof preparation in the world. Send for price list.

JOHN DAHL,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Third Street, next door back of Merchants Hotel.

BISMARCK, D. T.

Have just received a new stock of

English and French Cassimeres and Worsteds

which will be made up in the latest and nobbiest styles. A good fit guaranteed. Give me a call and see for yourself. Clothing cleaned and repaired on short notice. 17m6

INSURANCE!!
LIFE & FIRE!

The Mutual Life Insurance Co.,
OF NEW YORK.

THE ST. PAUL
Fire and Marine Insurance Co.,
REPRESENTED BY
GEO H. FAIRCHILD.

Bismarck, D. T. March 14 '78tf

SUMMER TRAVEL.

If you journey for business, health or recreation to the Mountains, Lakes, or Shore, over land or over sea, don't fail to secure the protection of **ACCIDENT INSURANCE** *in* **THE TRAVELERS,** *of Hartford. Any regular Agent will write a yearly or monthly Policy, in a few minutes, or a Ticket from one to thirty days. The cost is so small that any one can afford it who travels at all—Cash paid for Accidental Injuries over* **$3,000,000.**

AGENTS READ THIS

We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. *We mean what we say.* Sample free. Address SHERMAN & Co., Marshall, Mich.

SEND TO F. G. RICH & Co. Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.

Road Steamer & Plow—Superior for Stationary and portable work. Juan Ribon, Jersey City, N. J.

$77 a month and expenses guaranteed to agents. Outfit free. SHAW & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$777 A year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

Mandan Melange.

MANDAN, June 27.—This week has seen our first death and burial. Wednesday morning at about 9 o'clock Mr. Gould's boy, aged about fifteen years, was in swimming and got beyond his depth and sunk. Hugh McPhelan, who was sitting on the bank, threw off his coat and jumped in to save him, but from some cause or other he went down, and didn't come up again. Mr. Relf's boy, Howard, then went in and brought out young Gould. The alarm was at once given that a man was drowned, and about three quarters of an hour after his going in was taken out, and every effort made possible, to resuscitate him. At about 8 p. m. he was buried on the bank of the river in which he had lost his life. May his memory long be fresh in the minds of his fellow men, for his death was a noble one. No more noble death can a man die than in giving up his life in trying to save another.

Wednesday evening a man by the name of Con. made five ineffectual attempts to drown himself and was pulled out each time. At last he was tied, put in a wagon and taken to town and locked up. Thursday morning he went down to the Hart for another bath, but was again pulled out and locked up till he became sober. This morning he started up the line feeling very much ashamed of himself.

There is a good joke on some of the Mandan boys, all you have to do is to ask one of them "what can I do for you?" and immediately beer flows.

Col. Prescott passed through town yesterday on his way to the front.

Postmaster Thompson will get into his new office to-morrow.

W. H. Gidley's sister is spending a few days with him.

F. J. Mead leaves to-morrow for the front.

Gen.'s Rosser and Stark came in to-day.

Pat Byrne gives a dance to-night.

Business is quiet.

PEROTCH.

The Ways of the West.

A Maine boy, J. S Wallace, arrived at the Sheridan House last fall with seventy-five cents to meet his expenses and nothing to do. The next day he went out to the Seventeenth Siding and saw a piece of land that was offered him when he left home for one dollar per acre. He saw it was good, came into town with the proposition to sell it for one dollar and a half an acre. He found a buyer. The deed was sent for and the transfer made. The young man made a three hundred dollar margin and left for the Hills. With that three hundred dollars he bought a mining interest and now he is worth thirty thous and dollars No big money but a good six months' salary.

A Galena firm once refused Mrs. Gen. Grant credit for a barrel of flour. Benj. T. Felt heard of it and offered anything that he had in his store that she desired on terms to suit her. This favor to Grant's wife in time of need was never forgotten. Grant bestowed favors on Felt which made him rich.

Col. Granville O. Haller, dismissed from the army for writing treasonable letters in 1862, has been restored by act of congress and placed on the retired list with rank and pay as major from that date till February, 1873, and rank and pay as colonel from that time forward.

Weekly Weather Report.

BISMARCK, D. T., June 28, 1879.

	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.
Barometer,	300.37	29,648	29.890
Thermometer,	91	50	67.2
Humidity. (Rel.)	88	30	64.0
Wind's hourly velocity,	36	2	

Winds, prevalent direction. N. W.
Winds, total movement, 1546 miles.
Rainfall 03
Lunar Halo, 1.
Solar Halo, 0

Note: Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation.

C. CRAMER,
Ob. Signal Corps U. S. A.
Office, U. S. Mil. Tel. Station.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly For July.

The opening number of the eight volumn of this deservedly popular magazine is one of the most brilliant yet issued. The articles are by some of our ablest writers, are of great interest and replete with information and instruction. "Princely Royal and Imperial Weddings," by W. S. Chase, has twelve admirable illustrations; this, and the following are articles of peculiar excellence; "The Progress of New York," by Hon. Erastus Brooks; "Religious Processions," "Three Continents in Three weeks," "Great Guns," Labor, Past and Present," by Frank H. Norton; etc. The department of fiction presents unwonted attractions The admirable serial, "A Gilded Pill," is concluded, and there are a number of short stories by Annie Thomas, Jane G Austin, C. D. Bechef and other favorite writers, well written and deeply interesting The poems are not numerous, but they have the ring of true poetry, and are beautifully illustrated. There are innumerable paragraphs and brief articles on various subjects of interest; in fact, the miscellany is so comprehensive, and of such a varied character that no one can fail to find something to entertain or instruct Each number of this publication contains 128 quarto pages, and the present one is embellished with over 100 illustrations, and a beautiful chromo frontispiece, "The Bedouin and his Dying Steed" The annual subscription is only $5, and a single copy is sold for 25 cents, postpaid. A specimen copy will be sent on receipt of the sum. Address, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

SMITH'S
THEATRE COMIQUE,
AND
COTTAGE SALOON,
MILES CITY, - - MONTANA.
The Pioneer House of the City. Rebuilt and Fitted up in Elegant Style.
Finest Saloon in the Territory.
All Goods warranted "Straight."
Eastern Travelers Specially Invited.
5m3

STEAMBOAT COLUMN.

BENTON LINE.
Gen'l Office, 193 S Water-st. Chicago.
T. C. POWER, Gen. Manager.
JOS. McGARRY, Supt.
J. C. BARR, General Agent.
BENTON HELENA and BUTTE.
One of this Line of Steamers leaves BISMARCK for FORT BENTON on the 9th and 24th of each month. Passengers from the East buying tickets over the Benton Line can save time by making sure connections on above dates.
The Fast and Elegant Steamer
BUTTE
JAMES McGARRY, - - Master
JAMES KEENAN, - - Clerk
Leaves for Yankton, Sunday morning, June 29th,
STEAMER
HELENA.
Leaves for Ft. Benton Sunday June 29th.

For freight or passage apply on board or to
J. C. BARR,
Gen'l Agent, Sheridan House.

1879. OLD RELIABLE 1879.
Coulson Line
S. B. COULSON. Gen'l Manager. D. W. MARATTA. Gen'l Supt.
Plying between Bismarck and Fort Benton, and all points on the Yellowstone. The only line carrying the U. S. Government Freights.
Comprising the following first class steamers, built expressly for the Missouri river and in charge of careful and experienced officers.

MONTANA,	Buesen,	Master.
ROSE BUD.	Todd,	"
BIG HORN,	Gould,	"
DACOTAH,	Todd,	"
KEY WEST.	Maratta,	"
JOSEPHINE,	Anderson,	"
FAR WEST,	Coulson,	"
WESTERN,	Bryan,	"
BLACK HILLS,	Burleigh,	"

Connecting at Bismarc. with trains for St. Paul and the East, and with the Northwestern Stage Company's coaches for all points in the Black Hills
Leaves on Thursday. July 3d, for Fort Benton, Steamer
MONTANA.
Leaves Thursday evening, July 3d, for Fort Custer and all way points, Steamer
ROSE BUD

For information, rates, etc., apply at the company's office or on board steamer.
D. W. MARATTA,
General Superintendent.

1879. ATTRACTIVE 1879.
Excursion Route
TO
Lake Superior.
THE
Lake Michigan & Lake Superior Transportation Co.
Composed of the Elegant Passenger Steamers
"Peerless," "City of Duluth,"
"City of Fremont" and "Jas. L. Hurd,"
Will run during the season of navigation, 1879, from
CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE
TO
DULUTH,
Touching at the intermediate ports of Port Washington, Sheboygan, Manitoivac, Mackinaw, Detour, Sault Ste Marie, Marquette, L'Anse, Houghton, Hancock, Eagle River, Eagle Harbor, Copper Harbor, Ontonagan, Ashland, Bayfield and Prince Arthur's Landing, connecting at Duluth with the St. Paul & Duluth and the Northern Pacific railroads for all points in Minnesota, Manitoba and Black Hills, and at Ashland with the Wisconsin Central railroad for Chicago, Milwaukee and all points East and Southeast.
The steamers of this line are fitted, found and officered with special reference to the comfort and safety of passengers, and will during the summer season give a series of
GRAND EXCURSION TRIPS.
Quick Dispatch and Low Rates on Freight.
These steamers will make semi-weekly trips, leaving the company's dock, 74 Market street, Chicago, at 8 o'clock p m., and from Milwaukee on the following mornings.
For passage, freight or information apply to the following agents;
Leopold & Austrian. Milwaukee, Wis.; Julius Austrian, St. Paul, Minn; D. A. Christy, Duluth, Minn.; F. B. Spear, Marquette, Mich.; J. Hoar, jr. Houghton, Mich.; John Trelease, general agent, Hancock, Mich., or at the office of the company, 74 Market street, Chicago, Ill.
JOSEPH AUSTRIAN, Gen'l Manager.
C. F. A. SPENCER, Sec'y and Treas.

RESOLUTION.

The City Council of the City of Bismarck do Resolve:

That it is deemed necessary to open the alley way in Block Sixty-Eight (68) in the City of Bismarck, and unless a majority of the resident owners of the property liable to taxation therefor shall file with the City Clerk of said city within twenty days after the last publication of this resolution, their protest against such improvement, said alley way shall be opened.

Approved June 18, 1879.
GEORGE PEOPLES, Mayor.
Attest: M. O'SHEA, Clerk. 3-6

Chris Hehli,
KING OF BARBERS,
MILES CITY, MONTANA.
A First-Class shaving hall where none but the most competent workmen are employed.
Hot and Cold Bath.

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by Peter Malloy, and Bridget Malloy, his wife, mortgagors, to Jacob Kalberer, mortgagee, bearing date the 22d day of October, A. D., 1878, whereby the said mortgagors did grant, bargain, sell and convey unto the said mortgagees, their heirs and assigns forever, the following described real estate situate, lying and being in the county of Burleigh and Territory of Dakota, to-wit: Lots number eight (8) and nine (9), in block number forty-five (45), and the frame building situated in front of said lots in the city of Bismarck, according to the plat thereof filed for record in the office of the register of deeds in and for the county of Burleigh, D. T. Which mortgage was given to secure the payment of the sum of one hundred and sixty-five dollars ($165), according to the conditions of a certain promissory note, bearing even date with said mortgage, payable one month from date and drawing ten per cent. per annum, given by the said mortgagors to the said mortgagee, which mortgage was duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds in and for Burleigh county, D. T., on the 22d day of November, 1878, at 2 p. m., in book "B" of mortgages, on page 90. And whereas, there is claimed to be due on said note and mortgage at the date of this notice for principal and interest, the sum of one hundred and seventy-four dollars and eighty-five cents ($174.85), and twenty-five dollars allowed by the terms of said mortgage as attorney fees in case of foreclosure, and that no proceedings at law or otherwise have been had to recover the amount secured by said mortgagor or any part thereof.

Now therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said mortgaged premises at public auction to the highest bidder, which sale will be made by the sheriff of Burleigh county or his deputy, at the front door of Champion Hall, in the city of Bismarck, the place where the district court for said county was last held, on the 8th day of July, 1879, at 2 o'clock p. m., to satisfy the amount which will then be due on said note and mortgage together with the sum of twenty-five dollars attorneys fees as aforesaid, and all lawful costs and disbursements.

Dated May 27th, 1879.

JACOB KALBERER, Mortgagee.
FLANNERY & WETHERBY, Attorneys for Mortgagee. 1-7

The Best is the Cheapest.

The announcement that a new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary has just been published, containing many new and valuable features, suggests the thought that buying a Dictionary is a good deal like buying an egg or a watch; a bad one is not cheap at any price. Webster being the standard authority for the English language, he naturally has many imitators, but imitators are usually held at their true worth by the public;—who wants a wooden nutmeg, though it may look ever so much like the genuine article? The popularity of Webster is based upon this principle.

If you want a handy thing to carry with you, a companion that you can always rely upon, and one that will never tire you, a really *vade mecum* we recommend that you get a copy of the pocket edition of Webster, with its 18,000 words and meanings, rules for spelling, tables of weights and measures abbreviations, words, phrases and proverbs from the ancient and modern languages.

It is printed from new type, and bound in morocco with tucks, and bright guilt edges, and, when not otherwise obtainable, will be sent by mail, on receipt of one dollar, by the publishers, Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., 138 and 140 Grand Street, New York.

Wm. Glitschka,
Groceries, Provisions, Flour,
Candy, Fruit,
Crockery Glass Ware,
and Stoneware. Opposite Post Office. 4

ICE CREAM,
FRESH FRUIT,
CONFECTIONERY, ETC,
And all of the Latest Newsprpers at the
ICE CREAM PARLORS,
Main Street, Near Cor. Third,
Bismarck Dakota.
my31v7n1 C. A. HARNOIS.

Sheriff's Sale.

Territory of Dakota, }
County of Burleigh. } ss.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an Execution to me directed and delivered, and now in my hands, issued out of the Clerk's office of the Third Judicial District Court, Territory of Dakota, in and for the County of Burleigh, upon a Judgment duly rendered in said Court in favor of Henry Pollard, against Thomas J. Mitchell defendant, I have levied upon the following described personal property of said defendant, to-wit: One whip, one log chain, and all the interest of said defendant in a lumber wagon on which S. F. Morrison holds a Mechanics Lien for Seven and 25-100 dollars, and that I shall, on Thursday the 3rd day of July, A. D. 1879, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., of said day, at the front of the City Hall in Bismarck, in said County and Territory, proceed to sell all the right, title and interest of the above named Thomas J. Mitchell in and to the above described property to satisfy said judgment and costs amounting to three hundred and twenty-seven dollars ninety-three cents, together with all accruing costs of sale and interest on thesame from the 10th day of April 1879, at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, at Public Auction, to the highest bidder for cash.

Dated, Bismarck, D. T., June 20, 1879.

ALEX. McKENZIE, Sheriff.
DAVID STEWART, Plaintiff's Attorney. 4-5.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that all persons holding claims against the County of Burleigh are hereby notified to file the same with the County Clerk previous to the first day of July, 1879, as no warrants will be issued after that date for claims due prior to July 1, 1879.

J. H. RICHARDS, County Clerk.
3-5

W. H. W. COMER.
Proprietor
TONSORIAL PARLORS,
Main Street, next to Merchants Bank.
Hair-Cutting and Shampooing
A Specialty. Hot and Cold Baths. 4

WATER! WATER!
25 Cents Per Barrel.
Buy your water from the
GREEN TANKS
RUN BY
Harrigan & Marble.
Best in the City.
v7n3tf

CHERE.—You can make money by selling our Sterling Chemical Wicks—Never needs trimming—No smoke or smell—10 cents each. 3 for 25 cents. Send stamp for catalogue of Wonderful Inventions, staple and fancy goods. Parsons, Foster & Co., 125 Clark St., Chicago.

1,000 Laborers Wanted!
To buy their outfits of Clothing at the Star Clothing House,
For Work on the Extension!
ALSO
500 Traveling Men Wanted!
To visit this popular store, where
Trunks, Valises, Etc., will be Furnished
At the Lowest Cash Figures.
THE STAR CLOTHING HOUSE
Has Just Received a Large Stock of
Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,
Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Etc., Etc.
The Best Ever Brought to this Market.
Call and convince yourself of their genuiness and our ability to meet the wants of every one. Remember the place,
SIGN OF THE RED STAR,
Cor. Main and Fourth Sts., Bismarck, D. T.
M. EPPINGER, Proprietor.

McLEAN & MACNIDER,
General Dealers in
Groceries, Dry Goods
BOOTS AND SHOES,
CLOTHING
HATS AND CAPS,
CROCKERY, ETC.,
Agents for
THE STUDDEBAKER WAGON.
Main St., - - BISMARCK, D. T.

MANDAN COLUMN.

HEADQUARTERS HOTEL.
O. T. SWETT, Proprietor.
First-class accommodations. 49-tf

MEAD & CHILSTROM.
Attorneys at Law,
Collecting and Renting Agents and general solicitors. 3tf

BUSH & McBRATNEY
Have one of the
BEST SALOONS IN MANDAN.
FRESH MILWAUKEE BEER
Constantly on Hand.
☞ Only the best brands of Cigars, etc., sold.
49-tf

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CHEAP CASH STORE,
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An Elegant Assortment of
CLOTHING,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
Notions and Stationery.
Cigars and Tobaccos
Always on hand. 3tf

ICE! ICE! ICE!
500 TONS OF ICE.
Largest Ice House in the City.
Mr. Chas. Kupitz wishes to inform the citizens of Bismarck that he is prepared to deliver ice to any part of the city,
During the Entire Season
AT THE
Lowest Reasonable Rates.

STOVES
FROM $12 UPWARD,
(St. Paul Prices)
BY
Geo. Peoples,
at the
Pioneer Hardware Store.
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THOMAS VAN ETTEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BISMARCK D. T. 2tf

BISMARCK
AND
FT. BUFORD
STAGE AND EXPRESS
AND
U.S. MAIL
Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford and intervening points Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m., making the full trip in five days.
Stages will leave Buford on same days as from Bismarck, at 6 a. m.
For Express, Passage or Freight apply to
JOHN LEASURE, agent, at J. W. Raymond & Co.
5tf Bismarck, D. T.
Or to LEIGHTON & JORDAN, Fort Buford.

10,000 NAMES of residents wanted. For 25 names and 25 cents we will send you a fine silk handkerchief, every thread silk, regular price $1.00. G. W. Foster & Co., 125 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. 44

WANTED ONE SALESMAN for each State. Salary from $75 to $100 per month and expenses. References required.
LA BELLE MF'G CO.,
93 Clark Street, Chicago.

WM. GLITSCHKA—Groceries and Provisions, Flour, Feed, &c. Agent for Minneapolis Soap. Main St opposite post office.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

FOLD IT AWAY.

Empty the casket, the caged bird outflown,
Back again, back again, earth take thy own;
Thou who didst give it, thy fairest of clay,
Clasp thy arm tenderly, fold it away
Fold it away for the loved one has fled,
Fold it away for our hero is dead,
Fold it away—fold it away for our hero is dead.

Carried most lovingly over the sea,
Bring we our offerings, Longwood, to thee;
Wanderings over, and full garlands won,
Reverently bring we the dust of thy son,
Fold it away, for the great soul has fled.

Leave as our treasures his life and his songs,
Take in thy keeping what to thee belong;
Take the wayfarer's inn, God has taken the guest,
Ours are the memories, thine is the rest.
Fold it away, for the singer has fled.

Back again, back again, earth unto earth!
Cradle his slumbers who cradled his birth;
Take the form tenderly close to thy breast,
Gather it lovingly home to its rest.
Fold it away, for the tenant has fled.

SCARED.

The hardships and perils of life upon the border have were not all endured by our forefathers. Even now upon the remote frontier there are people living through hours of privation and terror, which we, in our safe and convenient homes, know nothing of.

The adventure related in this simple sketch occurred only a few months since, upon the Kansas frontier, during the late troubles with the Cheyenne Indians.

Mr. Hubson, a former resident of Indiana, had met with business reverses, in consequence of which he determined to begin life anew in the far west. He gathered what little household property was left to him, and in a wagon drawn by two horses journeyed to his new home.

He selected land far from any railroad or settlement, because such land was cheaper, and having built himself a log cabin, he managed in much privation to live through the first year.

The Indian troubles began during the second year, and caused the family a good deal of anxiety. They were not molested, however, and had begun to feel almost easy again. One day Mr Hobson had gone to his nearest neighbor's, a distance of several miles, with his horses and wagon. Mrs. Hobson was in the house boiling hominy, in a kettle in the great fire-place. She needed a bucket of water, and started to get it, when, as she reached the door of the cabin, she saw a dozen Indians coming directly to the house.

They did not see her. Without waiting to fasten the door, she caught her baby, an infant of eight months, from its low box-cradle, and in her fright rushed up a ladder which stood in one corner of the house to a low loft above.

Laying the baby on a pile of quilts, with desperate strength she pulled the ladder up after her, and shut down the trap-door. Then she crouched in a corner by the chimney with her babe in her arms.

The savages entered the lower room, and commenced searching and plundering in great glee.

They snatched the clean, blue woolen coverlets and blankets from the beds and wrapped themselves in them, threw the the pillows on the floor and sat upon them, and appeared particularly delighted with the feather-bed, which was the pride of Mrs. Hobson's heart.

Through a crack in the floor, which was also the ceiling of the lower room, Mrs. Hobson watched them. Every instant she feared their noisy shouts would wake the baby; but fortunately the child was undisturbed by the revel going on below.

In a few minutes the savages discovered the kettle of hominy, and in great glee it was set upon the hearth, dipped out into pans, pots, crocks, gourds, any thing they could lay hands on, and devoured. Even in her terror Mrs. Hobson wondered what their throats were make of that they could swallow it so scalding hot.

It appeared to sharpen their appetites, for they began to search for more food. Presently one of them found a sack of potatoes under a cupboard.

"Paddys! paddys!" he shouted, gleefully; "Injun roast paddys; make big fire, get big roast. Big heap paddy!"

Mrs. Hobson knew that many of the Indians called Irish potatoes "paddys," so; though she could not see the sack, she knew what they had found. They returned to the fireplace, and poured the potatoes down in a heap on the floor. Then they drew the coals and ashes upon one side, and soon had nearly a half-bushel of the potatoes roasting in the ashes.

They sat down to wait for their expected feast, and as Mrs. Hobson peeped through the crack in the floor at them, so dirty, ugly and repulsive, a way of escape occurred to her. What could she do?

As she glanced despairingly round the low, dark loft, she saw in a corner no little red chest. Now came an answer to her question.

"Henry's powder is in that chest. If I could only throw some of it down into the fire and frigten them, or burn them a little!"

"I can! I can!" she thought the next instant. "If I can get my hand into the hole in the chimney, I can."

Creeping softly to the chimney, she put up her hand and felt for the hole. This chimney was built of mud and sticks, and up in the loft the mud had dried, cracked and broken away in one place. Mr. Hobson had often declared he must mend that hole, but he was always so busy it was not yet done, and now how glad Mrs. Hobson was that it was still there.

She found that the hole was large enough to admit her hand, and then she was sure her plan would work, for she knew that these Cheyennes were the verriest cowards, easily scared at what they did not understand.

Very slowly and carefully she crept to thee hest, opened it with the greatest care, and took out the can of powder. In doing so she saw a small tin mustard-box, which contained some sulphur. The very thing! she thought. "I don t know what they'll do together, but the sulphur will nearly choke them to death, I'm sure, and I'll try it."

She poured part of the sulphur from the box; then she poured into the box some powder, and shook the contents till they were well mixed. With a silent prayer she slipped softly back to the chimney, thrust the little box as far as she could into the hole, and turned it. In a second there was a quick smothered report, a hissing noise, and the next instant, yelling, coughing, choking, screaming and tumbling over one another, the savages were all rushing out of doors.

Mrs. Hobson was almost stifled herself by the horrible smell and smoke which came up through the cracks of the floor, but she dared not venture down until stillness below had convinced her that her visitors were not likely to return.

Then she lifted the trap, pushed down the ladder, and went down. What a scene of confusion met her eyes! Bed-clothes, pillows, pans, dishes and household belongings were scattered over the floor, and the explosion had thrown ashes, blackened coals and half-roasted potatoes all over the room!

But the Indians had fled. Mr. Hobson came home half an hour later, and found his wife restoring order among the household goods. The superstitious Indians did not venture to return.—*Mattie Dyer Britts, in Youth's Companion.*

A Second Trial.

It was Commencement at G—— College. The people were pouring into the church as I entered it, rather tardy. Finding the choice seats in the center of the audience-room already taken, I pressed forward, looking to the right and to the left for a vacancy. On the very front row of seats I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to make room for me, looking into my face with large gray eyes, whose brightness was softened by very long lashes. Her face was open and fresh as a newly-blown rose before sunrise. Again and again I found my eyes turning to the rose-like face, and each time the gray eyes moved, half-smiling, to meet mine. Evidently the child was ready to "make up" with me. And when, with a bright smile, she returned my dropped handkerchief, and I said "thank you!" we seemed fairly introduced. Other persons, now coming into the seat, crowded me quite close up against the little girl, so that we soon felt very well acquainted.

"There's going to be a great crowd," she said to me.

"Yes," I replied; "people always like to see how school boys are made into men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said:

"My brother's going to graduate; he's going to speak; I've brought these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favorites; just old-fashioned domestic flowers, such as we associate with the dear grandmothers; "but," I thought, "they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for little sister's sake."

"That is my brother, she went on pointing with her nosegay,

"The one with the light hair," I asked.

"Oh, no," she said, smiling and shaking her head in innocent reproof; "not that homely one, with the red hair; that handsome one with brown wavy hair. His eyes look brown, too; but they are not—they are dark-blue. There! he's got his hands up to his head now. You see him, don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from me to him, and from him to me, as if some important fate depended upon my identifying her brother.

"I see him," I said. "He's a very good looking brother."

"Yes, he is beautiful," she said, with artless delight; "and he's so good, and he studies so hard. He has taken care of me ever since mamma died. Here is his name on the programme. He is not the valedictorian, but he has an honor for all that."

I saw in the little creature's familarity with these technical college terms that she had closely identified herself with her brother's studies, hopes and successes.

"He thought, at first," she continued, "that he would write on the 'Romance of Monastic Life.'"

What a strange sound these long words had, whispered from her childish lips! Her interest in her brother's work had stamped them on the child's memory, and to her they were ordinary things.

"But then," she went on, "he decided that he would rather write on 'Historical Parallels,' and he's got a real good oration, and he says it beatifully. He has said it to me a great many times. I 'most know it by heart. Oh! it begins so pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins" she added, encouraged by the interest she must have seen in my face: "'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand——'"

"Why, bless the baby!" I thought, looking down into her bright, proud face. I can't describe how very odd and selfish it did seem to have those sonorous words rolling out of the smiling infantile mouth.

The band, striking up, put an end to the quotation and to the confidences.

As the exercise progressed, and approached nearer and nearer the effort on which all her interests was concentrated, my little friend became excited and restless. Her eyes grew larger and brighter, two deep-red spots glowed on her cheeks. She touched up the flowers, manifestly making the offering ready for the shrine.

"Now, it's his turn," she said, turning to me a face in which pride and delight and anxiety seemed about equally mingled. But when the overture was played through, and his name was called, the child seemed in her eagerness, to forget me and all the earth beside him. She rose to her feet and leaned forward for a better view of her beloved, as he mounted to the speaker's stand. I knew by her deep breathing that her heart was throbbing in her throat. I knew, too, by the way her brother came up the steps and to the front, that he wes trembling. The hands hung limp; his face was pallid, and the lips blue as with cold. I felt anxious. The child, too, seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered, struggling look came into his face, then a helpless look, and then he stood staring vacantly, like a somnambulist, at the waiting audience. The moments of painful suspense went by, and still he stood as if struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with stage fright.

Alas! little sister! She turned her large, dismayed eyes upon me. "He's forgotten it," she said. Then a swift change came into her face; a strong, determined look; and on the funeral-like silence of the room, broke the sweet, brave, child-voice:

"'Amid the permutations and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand——'"

Everybody about us turned and looked. The breathless silence; the childish face; the long, unchildlike words, produced a weird effect.

But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The band quickly struck up, and waves of lively music were rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the little sister a glance in which I meant to show the intense sympathy I felt; but she did not see me. Her eyes were swimming with tears, were on her brother's face. I put my arm around her. She was too absorbed to heed the caress, and before I could appreciate her purpose, she was on her way to the shame-stricken young man sitting with a face like a statue's.

When he saw her by his side, the set face relaxed, and a quick mist come into his eyes. The young men got closer together, to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand in his.

I could not keep my eyes from her sweet, pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending a little to catch her words. Later, I found out that she was asking him if he knew his "piece" now, and that he answered yes.

When the young man next on the list had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child, to the brother's great surprise, made her way up the stage steps, and pressed through the throng of professors and trustees and distinguished visitors, up to the college President.

"If you please, sir," she said with a little courtesy, "will you and the Trustees let my brother try again? He knows his piece now."

For a moment, the President stared at her through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then appreciating the child's petition, he smiled on her, and went down and spoke to the young man who had failed.

So it happened that when the band had again ceased playing, it was briefly announced that Mr. —— —— would now deliver his oration—"Historical Parallels."

"'Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history ——'" This the little sister whispered to him as he rose to answer the summons.

A ripple of heightened and expectant interest passed over the audience, and then all sat stone-still, as though fearing to breathe lest the speaker might again take fright. No danger! The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his "piece" with a set purpose to conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring the smile back into the child's tear-stained face. I watched the face during the speaking. the wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being said that the breathless audience was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with his.

And when the address was ended with the ardent abandon of one who catches enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judgment. and conquering a sympathy, the effect was really thrilling. That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause; bouquets intended for the valedictorian rained like a tempest. And the child who had helped to save the day—that one beaming little face, in its pride and gladness, is something to be forever remembered.

An unhappy man, who had been run over, was carried into the police station, where the surgeon examined him and said: "It's a mercy that the wheels passed over him as rapidly as they did, for if the carriage had been going slowly there would have been no hope of his recovery—none whatever." "Precisely," said the radiant hackman, dsirous of backing up this favorable opinion as strongly as possible; "When I saw the gentleman crossing the street a little in front of me, instead of pulling up the horse I just gave him a crack with the whip and yelled 'Get up, there!' And that's how I saved the gentleman's life."

Physician, who has just examined an Irishman's lungs: "There seems to be some trouble here—pneumonia, or something of that sort; have you ever expectorated blood?" Irishman: "Och, yes sir!" Physician: "How long ago?" Irishman: "About eight years." Physician: "Did you feel sick?" "Irishman, "Och, I did that." Physician: "what was the matter?" Irishman: "I had a tooth pulled."

PIONEER HARDWARE STORE,

GEORGE PEOPLES,

Having Purchased the Entire Business of R. C. SEIP & CO. I Shall Put in

NEW CAPITAL, NEW STOCK

IN EVERY LINE, AND BE PREPARED TO SUPPLY EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN HARDWARE STORES AT LOWER PRICES THAN HERETOFORE.

COOK STOVES,

Enough to Supply the whole Region Bought and Shipped at Low Rates.

Tinware, Steamboat Supplies, Kitchen Ware, &c.

Large Stock of Pocket Knives, Shears and scissors.

Corner main and Third St., Bismarck, D. T.

J. H. MARSHALL,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

BOOTS AND SHOES.

FULL LINE OF GLOVES, HOSIERY, TRUNKS AND VALISES.

GENTS' CUSTOM MADE BOOTS A SPECIALTY.

Prompt attention given to orders by mail

DR. PRICE'S

Cream Baking Powder

Special Flavoring Extracts

Eminent Chemists and Physicians certify that these goods are free from adulteration, richer, more effective, produce better results than any others, and that they use them in their own families.

DR. PRICE'S Unique Perfumes are the Gems of all Odors. Toothene, an exquisite Liquid Dentrifice.

USE STEELE & PRICE'S LUPULIN YEAST GEMS.

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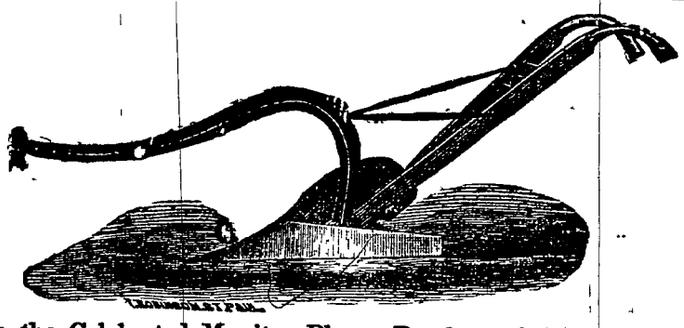

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IS MANUFACTURED BY

FISH BROS. & CO.,

RACINE, WIS.

WE MAKE EVERY VARIETY OF

FARM, FREIGHT AND SPRING WAGONS,

And by confining ourselves strictly to one class of work; by employing none but the

BEST OF WORKMEN,

Using nothing but

FIRST-CLASS IMPROVED MACHINERY, and the VERY BEST OF SELECTED TIMBER,

And by a THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE of the business, we have justly earned the reputation of making

"THE BEST WAGON ON WHEELS!"

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NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

Adam Interviewed.

BY JOEL SLOPER.

I have met Adam and intervied him The genuine, original Adam. Edison and I found him. Winding up the megatherone, and pointing it eastward, Edison said:

"Now, Sloper, look through while I turn the crank, and tell me when you have the right focus."

"Hold on; easy now; Darwin's 'missing link' just passed before the lens."

"O, no, it was only that chap with the eyeglasses," replied Edison; "I'll have you out of the range of Washington Square soon."

A few more turns of the crank spread the rosy Orient out before me, and drew aside the curtains of its dreamy past, as mighty centuries were passing in review like a panorama before the monster lens of Edison's latest invention. O, beautiful, grand and glorious were those pictures of the dead and misty ages, in their tints and limns purple and gold; Nineveh, Babylon and Tyre, there they were rushing past with the centuries; seen for a moment in a flash of burnished steel; heard for a moment in the clash of arms, the blast of trumpets and the shout of conquest; crumbling into ruins as they vanished away.

Ten, twenty, thirty, centuries, they rapidly whirled along. I caught a passing glimpse of Joseph going into slavery, and then the sound of the timbrel "o'er Egypt's dark sea," as, backward, time swept away the dust.

"Think we have got him," said Edison, as far away over the plain, as a solitary object stood it the last outpost of human existence

It was Adam! He was sorting beans. He shook hands with me, and invited me to dinner I suggested that we go at once.

He said, "No, it wasn't ready."

I was disappointed in Adam, but I hoped the dinner would be all right. Adam gave a shrill whistle, and the hired girl came out of a clump of bushes. Said he

"We are going to have Mr. Sloper to dinner, Nancy; so boil a nice cut of hippopotamus, and warm up the elephant stew."

"I am glad to see you," he continued, turning again to me. "I have wanted to talk with you for a long time." He apologized for the absence of Eve; she hadn't got her suit, and was trimming her spring bonnet. He explained many things to me that I never fully understood before, and asked numerous questions. He wanted to know if the cherry tree ever sprouted after George Washington cut it down? Giving a sigh, he said that George always reminded him of his little Abel, and he believed if the little fellow had lived, he would have been President of the United States.

"Ah, yes," said I, "if he had only lived How old was he?"

"One hundred and seventy-two years, aking a few days."

We talked of many well-known persons.

"Mark Twain," said he, trying to refresh his memory "O, he is king of the Sandwich Islands, isn't he?"

"No, no," I answered; "he is the fellow who went with a lot of other chaps to visit you a few years ago, and when they told him you were dead, he jumped up, kicked the coffee pot over, and exclaimed, 'I don't believe it! Great Scott! when did he die?'—and then he began to hunt for your will, and threatened to contest it said he had evidence in his possession to prove you incapable of making a will, could prove insanity in your family."

Well, Adem laughed heartily over that. He then asked if Bret Harte wasn't traveling with a circus. I replied that he was

"I never was much of a man for circuses," he said; "but I always regretted that I didn't send Cain off with one What a splendid target Dan Rice's nose would have been for Cain."

The conversation changed, and I mentioned the walking match.

"Ah!" replied Adam, "I made the most celebrated walk on record."

"Indeed!" I replied. "When was that?"

"When I walked out of the garden of Eden."

"You call that a walking match?"

"Yes of course What else would you call it?" he replied

"Well, I should call it a Lucifer match"

Then Adam got mad and would not talk. He began sorting beans, and before I could conciliate him Edison had turned the crank, and Adam was twenty centuries away

The Use of Lemons.

The lemon tree is a native of Asia, although it is cultivated in Italy, Portugal and the south of France. In Europe, however, it seldom exceeds dimensions of the smallest tree, while in its native state it grows to over sixty feet in height. Every part of this tree is valuable in medicine, though we rarely employ any of it but its fruits—that is the lemon itself: and every one knows how to employ this, as in lemonade—to squeeze the juice into cold water, this is the shortest way; or to cut it in slices and then boil it. Either way is good. Lemonade is one of the best and safest drink for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable to all stomach diseases, is excellent in sickness—in cases of jaundice, gravel, liver complaints, inflammation of the bowels and fevers. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. The pippins crushed may also be used with water and sugar, and be used as a drink. Lemon-juice is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known; it not only cures this disease, but prevents it. Sailors make e daily use of it for this purpose. I advis every one to rub their gums daily with emon-juice to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong, hot black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be curred by rubbing the part affected with cut lemmon. It is valuable also to eure warts, and to destroy dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. In fact, its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it externally and internally the better we shall find ourselves. Natural remedies are the best, and nature is our best doctor, if we only listen to it. Decidedly rub your hands, head and gums with lemon, and drink lemonade in preference to all other liquids. This is an old doctor's advice."

Fifty Years Ago.

A half century ago, a large part of the people of the United States lived in houses unpainted and unplastered, and utterly devoid of adornment. A well-fed fire in the yawning chasm of a huge chimney gave partial warmth to a single room, and it was a common remark that the inmates were roasting one side, while freezing the other; in contrast, a majority of the people of the older States now live in houses that are clapboarded, painted, blinded, and comfortably warmed. Then, the household furniture consisted of a few plain chairs, a plain table, a bedstead made by the village carpenter. Carpets there were none. To-day few are the houses, in city or country, that do not contain a carpet of some sort, while the average laborer by a week's work may earn enough to enable him to repose at night upon a spring bed.

Fifty years ago, the kitchen "dressers," were set forth with a shining row of pewter plates. The farmer ate with a buck-handled knife and an iron or pewter spoon, but the advancing civilization has sent the plates and spoons to the melting pot, while the knifes and forks have given place to nickle or plated cutlery.

In those days the utensils for cooking were a dinner-pot, tea-kettle, skillet, Dutch oven and frying-pan; to-day there is no end to kitchen furniture.

The people of 1830 sat in the evening in the glowing light of a pitch-knot fire, or read their weekly newspapers by the flickering light of a "tallow dip;" now, in city and village their apartments are bright with flame of the gas jet or the soft radience of kerosene. Then if the fire went out upon the hearth, it was rekindled by a coal from a neighboring hearth, or by flint, steel and tinder. Those who indulged in pipes and cigars could light them only by some hearthstone; to-day we light fire and pipes by the dormant fire-works in the match safe, at a cost of one hundreth of a cent.

In those days we guessed the hour of noon, or ascertained it by the creeping of the sunlight up to the "noon-mark" drawn upon the floor; only the well-to-do could afford a clock. To-day who does not carry a watch? and for clocks, you may purchase them by wholesale, by the cart-load, at sixty-two cents apiece.

Fifty years ago, how many dwellings were adorned with pictures? How many are there now that do not display a print, engraving, chromo, or lithograph? How many pianos or parlor organs were there then? Reed organs were not invented till 1840, and now they are in every village.

Some who may read this article will remember that in 1830, the Bible, the almanac, and a few text-books used in school were almost the only volumes of the household. The directory was a volume four inches square and an inch and a half in thickness. In some of the country villages a few public-spirited men had gathered libraries containing from three to five hundred volumes; in contrast, the public libraries of the present, containing more than ten thousand volumes, have an aggregate of 10,650,000 volumes, not including the Sunday-school and private libraries of the country. It is estimated that altogether the number of volumes accessible to the public is not less than 20,000,000! Of Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries, it having been said that enough have been published to supply one to every one hundred inhabitants of the United States.

A Tunisian Harem.

A letter from Tunis, Africa, says: We have been to the Harem and to the Bey's palace where we saw a real harem and women who had never been out of their own houses and had seen no men except their own husbands and sons. They were surrounded by everything money could buy; their palaces were perfectly magnificent, as well as their wardrobes, but they did not seem happy. The husband of one woman, after living with her thirty years, has put her aside to marry a young girl that she brought up to wait on him. He has taken his new wife away and left the old one in her beautiful palace, so she says she prays to die.

This same man gave a grand ball not long ago and invited all the Europeans in Tunis. He thought he was exceedingly kind to his wives and children in cutting a small hole through the wall by which, in turns, they were able to see the visitors.

The harems of the lower class are rooms with but little furniture and only rugs to sit on. But those of the wealthy have European furniture, pictures and works of art. The women sat on divans around the sides of the rooms, but we were given chairs and sofas. With all their splendor, however, they looked miserable and unhappy. They cannot read or write, and, I believe, they hardly dare think. All the women do from morning till night is to rig themselves up in their finery, keep it on an hour or two, and then change for something else.

The next house we visited was the same as the other, only here we saw the dearest little baby, a month old, dressed in blue and white silks, with a little turban on its head. Over the bed they burned incense, and hung up a little silver globe with an egg in it to keep off the evil eye. The family treated us very kindly, but I do not doubt they fumigated the entire house after we left.

How Matches are Made.

A match is a small thing. We seldom pause to think, after it has performed its mission and we have carelessly thrown it away, that it has a history of its own, and that, like some more pretentious things, its journey from the forest to the match-safe is full of changes. This little bit of white pine lying before me came from the North, in the Hudson bay territory, or perhaps from the great silent forests about Lake Superior, and has been rushed and jammed and tossed in its long course through rivers, over cataracts and rapids, and across great lakes.

We read that near the middle of the seventeenth century it was discovered that phosphorus would ignite a splint of wood dipped in sulphur, but this means of obtaining fire was not in common use until nearly 150 years later. This then appears to have been the beginning of match making. Not that kind which some old gossips are said to indulge in, for that must have had its origin much farther back, but the business of making those little "strike-fires" found in every store, in their familiar boxes, with red and blue and yellow labels. The matches of fifty years ago were very clumsy affairs compared with the "parlor" and "safety" matches of to-day; but they were great improvements upon the first in use. Those small sticks dipped in melted sulphur and sold in a tin box with a small bottle of oxide of phosphorus, were regarded by our forefathers as signs of a "ten-leagued progress." Later a compound made of chlorate of potash and sulphur was used on the splints. This ignited upon being dipped in sulphuric acid. In 1829 an English chemist discovered that matches on which had been placed chlorate of potash could be ignited by friction. Afterward, at the suggestion of Prof. Faraday, saltpetre was substituted for the chlorate, and then the era of friction matches lighted by rubbing was fairly begun.

But the match of to-day has a story more interesting than that of the old-fashioned match. As we have said, much of the timber used in the manufacture comes from the immense tracts of forests in the Hudson bay territory. It is floated down the water-courses to the lakes, through which it is towed in great long rafts. These rafts are divided; some parts are pulled through the canals, and some by other means are taken to the market. When well through the seasoning process, which occupies from one to two years, the pine is cut up into blocks twice as long as a match and about eight inches wide by two inches thick. These blocks were passed through a machine which cuts them into "splints," round or square, of just the thickness of a match, but twice its length. The machine is capable, as we are told, of making about 2,000,000 splints a day. This number seems immense when compared with the most that could be made in the old way—by hand. These splints are then taken to the "setting" machine, and this rolls them into bundles about eighteen inches in diameter, every splint separated from its neighbor by little spaces, so that there may be no sticking together after the "dipping." In the operation of "setting" a ribbon of coarse stuff, about an inch and a half wide and an eighth of an inch thick, is rolled up, the splints being laid across the ribbon between each two courses, leaving about a quarter of an inch between adjoining splints. From the "setting" machine the bundles go to the "dipping" room. After the ends of the splints have been pounded down to make them even, the bundles are dipped, both ends, into the molten sulphur, and then into the phosphorus solution, which is spread over a large iron plate. Next they are hung in a frame to dry. When dried they are placed in a machine, which, as it unrolls the ribbon, cuts the sticks in two across the middle, thus making two complete matches of each splint. The match is made. The towering pine, which listened to the whisper of the south wind and swayed in the cold northern blast, has been so divided that we can take it bit by bit and lightly twirl it between two fingers. But what it has lost in size it has gained in use. The little flame it carries, and which looks so harmless, flashing into brief existence, has a latent power more terrible than the whirlwind which perhaps sent the tall pine tree crashing to the ground. But the story is not yet closed. From the machine which completed the matches they are taken to the "boxers," mostly girls and women, who place them in little boxes. The speed with which this is done is surprising. With one hand they pick up an empty case and remove the cover, while with the other they seize just a sufficient number of matches and by a peculiar schuffling motion arrange them evenly; then is done! The little packages of sleeping fire are taken to another room where on each one is placed a stamp certifying the payment to the government of one cent revenue tax. Equipped with these passes, the boxes are placed in larger ones, and these again in wooden cases which are to be shipped to all parts of the country and over seas. All this trouble over such little things as matches! Yet on these fire-tipped bits of wood millions of people depend for warmth, cooked food and light. They have become a necessity, and the day of flint and steel and tinder seems almost as far away in the past as are the bow and firo-stick of the Indian.

Some idea of the number of matches used in North America during a year may be gained from the fact that it is estimated by competent judges that on an average six matches are used every day by each inhabitant: this gives a grand total of 87,400,000,000 matches, without counting those exported. Now, this would make a single line were the matches end to end, more than 2,750,000 miles in length! It would take a railroad train almost eight years to go from one end to the other, running forty miles an hour all the time. How apt to our subject is that almost worn-out Latin phrase, "*multum in parvo*"—much in little! Much labor, much skill and much usefulnsss, all in a little piece of wood scarcely one-eighth of an inch through and about two inches long! —*St. Louis Times.*

A Chinaman never swears when he gets mad because there are no "cuss words" in his dictionary. He simply upsets his washtub, butts the bottom out, kicks a dog and feels better.

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Fargo will have a new freight depot.

Thomas Fortune has a little fortune—boy.

Both the public and Sisters' schools are now closed.

The Stark party will leave in the morning on a special.

Gen. Whipple will visit the Yellowstone park before he returns.

The brass band will reorganize and be in trim for the Fourth of July.

Alex. McAskell caught the two bears near town and brought them in.

The buffalo got out of the park but was recaptured in Robidou's corral.

The soldiers at Stevenson are plentifully supplied with vegetables from their own gardens.

The Josephine carried up two hundred sacks of flour to the hungry Indians at Wolf Point.

It is expected that the Keogh mail service will be made a daily next month. That's business.

Mr. C. S. Weaver is the happy father of a second son. W. H. Stimpson and E. G. Paddock also rejoice.

The United States Court convened at Fargo on Tuesday. The grand jury is grinding out indictments.

There will be a base ball match at Fort Lincoln, to-morrow, between the Bismarck nine and the boys in blue.

A small park within the park has been fenced in for George Elder's beautiful fawn. He has an antelope, too.

Wm. H. Hunt, of Fargo, has located at Jamestown as the junior member of the law firm of Stoyell, Ball & Hunt.

"Princke Jake," a Kentucky blood, arrived on the Carrier for Capt. Maratta. It's expected there is speed in him.

Hubbard & Tyler as partners in the Headquarters Hotel, Fargo, have dissolved. Hubbard continues the business.

Maj. McElrath published in the New York *Times* of a recent date a two-column letter on Miles City and his trip thereto.

Mr. Walker telegraphs Mr. Bellows that he has shipped five car loads of mules from St. Louis for the grade on the extension.

One hundred thousand pounds of flour have been dropped at Sioux City for the restless reds of Poplar river and Wolf Point.

Hugh McPhelan was drowned in the Heart river on Wednesday last. He undertook to save a boy from drowning and was himself lost.

Wm. Glitschka is fitting up a very neat residence, that was formerly owned by Mr. Shater, on 5th street, which he will occupy in a few days.

Instead of the regular service in the Presbyterian Church Sunday evening, there will be a praise meeting. Commencing at 8 o'clock. R. R. time.

The Dakota brought down four companies of the Seventh Infantry from Fort Benton to the mouth of the Muscleshell river where they will establish a summer camp.

Capt. Benteen and Capt Moylan left Thursday with their companies for Fort Meade. General Sturgis will depart next week upon the arrival of his family from St. Louis.

The ten companies of infantry and cavalry from Fort Keogh have crossed the Yellowstone and will soon reach the Missouri. They are the main body of Gen. Miles' expedition.

The Fargo *Republican* says "Jack Smith, of Bismarck, was shot by a policeman in the back the ball lodging under the shoulder blade." The policeman claims Jack fired the first shot.

Rev. J. G. Miller will hold service at Jamestown next Sunday and occasionally during the summer and autumn. On these occasions, of course, there will be no service at the school house.

Sunday and Monday were scorchers. In the shade on Sunday Uncle Sam's mercury touched ninety. Monday evening overcoats were in demand. A storm in the vicinity was the blessed cause.

The Eclipse will probably go on an excursion to Standing Rock on the Fourth, giving Bismarck people an excellent opportunity to see life at an Indian agency and enjoy a pleasant trip on the Missouri.

John Thompson brought down 170 head of the finest cattle that ever left Fort Benton. They will be driven from Bismarck to Fort Yates. That post will feast on Montana beef, the choicest in the western market.

There is a cherry tree at the landing that is full of ripe cherries. The tree was brought from Ohio and has shown the adaptability of our climate by bearing at a very early age. Peaches will be next in the fruit line.

The Odd Fellows have rented a hall in Raymond's block and are fitting it up appropriately and neatly. They will occupy it week after next. The term for which the old hall was rented, having expired, there will be no meeting next Tuesday.

Col. Benteen's company of the Seventh Cavalry having gone to the Black Hills and Baker and Poland's companies of the Sixth Infantry having gone on escort duty there are but two companies now stationed at Fort Lincoln. The barracks will again be filled this winter, however.

A yearling buffalo brought down from the Yellowstone country by Capt. T. J. Anderson now roams in the Sheridan House park. The gallant captain brought it down for his son living in Missouri but being unable to get it to him it was purchased by Mr. Sunderland.

Gov. Bross, of the Chicago *Tribune*, went up the Missouri to Fort Benton and returned delighted with his trip and with his ideas in relation to the great northwest immensely enlarged, and he will endeavor to give the readers of his paper new light on the subject.

Deacon J. S. and Carlos Mann are opening a fine farm within sight of Bismarck, on the west side of the river. They have nearly one hundred acres broken and on the 15th of June were feasting on green peas and new potatoes from their own garden. They have thirty acres of corn that looks splendid.

The Sawtelle dramatic troupe will play Richalieu, and other high up pieces on their return.

Father Chrysostom, will return from the Yellowstone to-day, and will celebrate mass at the Catholic Church Sunday Morning at the usual hour.

One hundred and eighty people took breakfast at the Sheridan House this morning consuming 42 quarts of Strawberries and other good things, too numerous etc.

The Firemans ball on the 4th seems to be only thing in right, excepting private picnics, for the 4th. The ball will be at Raymonds Hall and elaborate preparations have been made. The committee has provided for check rooms for baggage, dressing rooms, free lemonade, the very best of music &c.

The bears in the stable yard of the Sheridan House skipped out one night this week. They were left untied, the keeper not knowing that bears could climb a fence. They chased Col. Baker's dog Brush up one of the pillars of the Sheridan piazza. They are probably hid under a sidewalk. They won't bite but they will paw.

Tuesday evening one hundred and forty-seven recruits for the Fifth Infantry arrived on the regular train and embarked immediately on the steamer Josephine. They go above Buford and meet General Miles' expedition, where it crosses the Missouri. Lieut. Quentin, of the Seventh Infantry, was in command of the recruits.

Thursday three men put a buffalo heifer in the Sheridan park. She was as strong as a switch engine, and gave the boys all the fun they wanted. The beast was lassoed by the pilot of the Josephine while swimming the Missouri. There was a herd crossing to the south side above Buford. The river was alive with them and the Josephine men got this one without even stopping the boat.

The Reno Dramatic Troupe will play Dora and the roaring after-farce Rough Diamond, at Raymond's Hall this evening. They are having very good houses and do not fail to please. The proposed combination with Whitney's troupe gives Bismarck people a new interest in the Reno outfit. They come with a good reputation and are sustaining it well. We hear no unfavorable criticisms.

The local subscription for the erection of the Episcopal church amounts to about $800. When one thousand is raised the Bishop contributes a like sum. The committee, however, believe the sum needed can be raised and will, no doubt, contract next week for the construction of the church. The plan furnished by the bishop is an excellent one—a beauty in fact—and the committee feel confident that all will entertain a just pride in it. Schools and churches make men wiser, better and happier, and he who does not have a kind corner in his heart for them is depraved indeed.

J. A. Sawtelle's dramatic troupe returned from Standing Rock Friday to find their hall occupied by the Reno combination. They proceeded at once to Fargo and from thence will go to Winnepeg returning in July, en route to Helena, when they will give several entertainments at Bismarck. This is a first class company out from Helena more for pleasure than business. Mr. Sawtelle owns a theatre in Helena and another in Butte, and is one of the institutions in which the people of Montana take pride. He is a first class actor and his support is all that a first-class actor could desire.

Tuesday evening J. C. Barr's horse got away from him at the landing and threw him and C. M. Cushman out of the little buggy. Mr. Cushman was insensible for some time. He was badly cut about the head but not dangerously. The horse turned up the hill behind Bird's machine shop, fell down and rolled over. When found he was lying on his side tangled up in the harness and shafts. Horse, harness and buggy escaped without damage. The horse was terrified by a locomotive and the saints couldn't have held him. Barr took in the situation and reached for the ground head first, but wasn't hurt. Mr. Cushman tried to hold the horse for a moment and then followed Barr with less success, as noted above.

A happy party gathered at the residence of Col E. M. Brown last Sunday, the occasion being the birthday of Col. and Mrs. Brown. The Col. was 58 on Saturday and Mrs. Brown 56 on Sunday. Col. Brown and his good lady are hale and hearty and good for twenty years more active life at least. Col. Brown has been in public life most of his life. Beginning as a printer he drifted into the newspaper business as editor and publisher, then into politics and into office, and into the army serving under General Butler at New Orleans as a member of his staff. He made his appearance in Dakota as a civil engineer, and established several of the principal lines for Dakota surveys. He was for a time editor of the leading paper in Dakota, and then occupied the position of Receiver of the U. S. Land Office, Bismarck, which position he has held something over four years, now serving under his second appointment.

ABSTRACT OF VOTES

Cast in Burleigh County, Dakota Territory, on the 10th day of June. 1879.

	No. Votes
For Issuing Court House and Jail Bonds—	
Yes	211
No	16
For Constable, Mandan Precinct—	
Andrew Collins	115
Thomas Bush	14
For Justice of the Peace, Mandan Precinct—	
M. J. Edgerley	79
George Washburn	50

We, Joseph Hare and James A. Emmons, Commissioners, and John H Richards, County Clerk for the county of Burleigh, Territory of Dakota, do hereby certify that the annexed statement is a true and correct abstract of the votes cast at a special election for County Justice of the Peace and Constable in precinct of Mandan and for issuing bonds for building a Court House and Jail in said County of Burleigh on the 10th day of June, A. D. 1879.

Witness our hands this 25th day of June, A. D. 1879.

JOSEPH HARE,
JAS. A. EMMONS,
Commissioners
JNO H. RICHARDS.
[SEAL] County Clerk.

I, John H. Richards, County Clerk for the County of Burleigh, Dakota Territory, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of the abstract of votes now on file in this office showing the number of votes cast for county and precinct officers and for issuing Court House and Jail Bonds at a special election held in said County of Burleigh, on the 10th day of June A. D. 1879.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said County of Burleigh this 25th day of June, A D. 1879.

JNO. H. RICHARDS,
[SEAL] County for County of Burleigh.

Letter List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Bismarck Post Office, for the week ending, Saturday, June 21, 1879:

Russell Charley E	Miller Frank 2
Bishley Henry	Miller Frank J.
Browner John W	Mills James T
Brower Theodore M 2	Nickerson James T
Cady Arthur P	Newton Robert -
Coolidge B 3	Patterson Charley
Cundiff L J	Phelps Julian
Crawford John	Prysock Robt C
Currier James	Robinson Joseph F
Clark John	Soderstrom Char
Crawford Robert	Sauer Ed
Cliff S A	Smithey Jack
Cosgriff T H	Sterland John
Cammell Samuel	Suley John
Dalam Mrs Emma	Smith Maurice C
Dunn W F	Smith Paul
Emmett James	Shanahan Robert
Farnum E B	Tyler & Co (?)
Hebert Thomas	Turnbull Charles
Higgins Wm B S	Tibbals Frank
Javens M M	Troland T
Keene Miss Clara	Wildman Hiram
McCay Geo W	

If the above letters are not called for in Thirty Days they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office, at Washington Persons calling for any of the above will please say "Advertised Letters," and give date of list. C. A. LOUNSBERRY, P. M.

To Arrive Thursday Evening July 3

Strawberries,
Bouquets.
Peaches,
Celery,
Apples,
Tomatoes,
Blueberries,
Blackberries,
Cucumbers,
Bananas,
Mint.
Spring Lamb,
Spring Chickens,
Green Corn,
String Beans,
Brook Trout.
HALLETT & KEATING.

Just Arrived

At J. H. Marshall's; an assortment of Burt & Mear's hand-sewed Shoes. 3-6

Wire Cloth.

We have procured a wire cloth with two more wires to the inch than any ever in this market. It will keep out the mosquitoes.
3-6 C. S. WEAVER & Co.

Money to Loan.

On Real Estate or approved collaterals.
15tf GEO. P. FLANNERY.

Mr. Daniel Collins, late of Fort Totten, has purchased the Headquarters Hotel at Mandan and invites his friends to give him a call. 3-6

New potatoes and New Onions just received.
5-7 HALLETT & KEATING.

Buy the Red Tag tobacco from Clum Emmons.

Trouble for Flies.

Our new fine mesh wire cloth was obtained at much expense and trouble. Sold at same prices as coarse mesh goods. C. S. WEAVER & Co.
3-6

First-Class Day Board.

Persons desiring first-class day board at reasonable rates will find it at the St. James, Forster's old stand, now managed by Busse & Smith, who have had many years' experience in the restaurant business. 5-7

Mosquitoes.

Two more wires to the inch than any other wire cloth in the market. Only sold by
3 6 C. S. WEAVER & Co.

Neat Dwelling for Sale.

One of the neatest residences in the city for sale. Rented until next April at $20 per month. Price $900 cash. A first-class investment.
5tf LOUNSBERRY & BENTLEY.

Northern Pacific Flour

Try It. For sale by
1-12 McLEAN & MACNIDER.

Gents' French Kid

Walking Shoes at Marshall's. 3-6

Money to Loan.

Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers.
M. P. SLATTERY,
12m4 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

The Celebrated

Burt & Mear's hand sewed Gaiter at
3-6 J. H MARSHALL'S.

Ice Cream.

Manufactured for families, parties or festivals, or sold by the quart at the St. James, Forster's old stand. 5-7

Burleigh County Orders

We will pay 75 cents on the dollar for all Burleigh County Orders sent to us before the first of July next.
52tf McLEAN & MACNIDER.

Additional Term of District Court.

By virtue of the power in me vested, and in accordance with the provisions of Section 9, Chapter 27, Laws of Dakota Territory passed at the session of the legislature of said territory in 1878. Believing that necessity exists therefor, I do hereby order and appoint an additional term of the District Court to be holden in the County of Burleigh in the Third Judicial District Subdivision, on Wednesday the next after the 20th day of July, 1879, at the court room in the City of Bismarck at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day.

Fargo, June 20, 1879,

A. H. BARNES,
5 8 Associate Justice of Supreme Court.

A Sure Cure For Piles.

A sure cure for the blind, bleeding, itching and ulcerated piles has been discovered by Dr William, (an Indian remedy), called Dr. William's Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst old chronic cases of twenty-five and thirty years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electuaries do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching (particularly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and nothing else.

☞ "I consulted physicians in Philadelphia, Louisville, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and this city, and spent hundreds of dollars, and found no relief until I obtained a box of Dr. William's Indian Ointment some four months ago, and it has cured me completely."

JOSEPH M. RYDER, Cleveland, O.

"Has done me more good than all the medicine I ever tried, and I have spent more than $100 with doctors besides medicines I am sure cost me more than $40."

DAVID SPARLING, Ingraham, Ill.

"Have suffered twenty years with itching and ulcerated piles, having used every remedy that came to my notice without benefit, until I used Indian Ointment and received immediate relief."

JAMES CARROLL (an old miner), Tecoma, Nev.

☞ No Pile Remedy ever gained such rapid favor ane extensive sale. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists. For wholesale by Redington & Co., San Francisco, Cal. 42

ST. PAUL BRANCH

CLOTHING HOUSE,

Bismarck, D.T.

Special Announcement next week.

SIG HANAUER, Prop.

Special Bargains.

Special Bargains.

AT

DAN. EISENBERG'S,

A NEW SUPPLY OF

SPRING GOODS,

Just Received, Consisting of

DRY GOODS,

LADIES' AND GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

Notions, Etc.

CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.

J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

BISMARCK, D. T.

W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,

Druggist and Fancy Goods,

BISMARCK, D. T.

W. W. KIMBALL'S

Mammoth Music House,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

ANNUAL SALES, - - - - - - - - - - $1,500,000.

SOLE WESTERN AGENT for the following Instruments:—**Hallett Davis & Co., J. P. Hale, and W. W. Kimball Pianos. W. W. Kimball and Smith's Organs.** Instruments which have an established reputation far and wide, based upon experience in every respect. Old Instruments taken in exchange for New. Satisfaction guaranteed. Every Instrument warranted for five years.

F. J. CALL,

BISMARCK, D. T., SOLE AGENT FOR NORTHERN DAKOTA.

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